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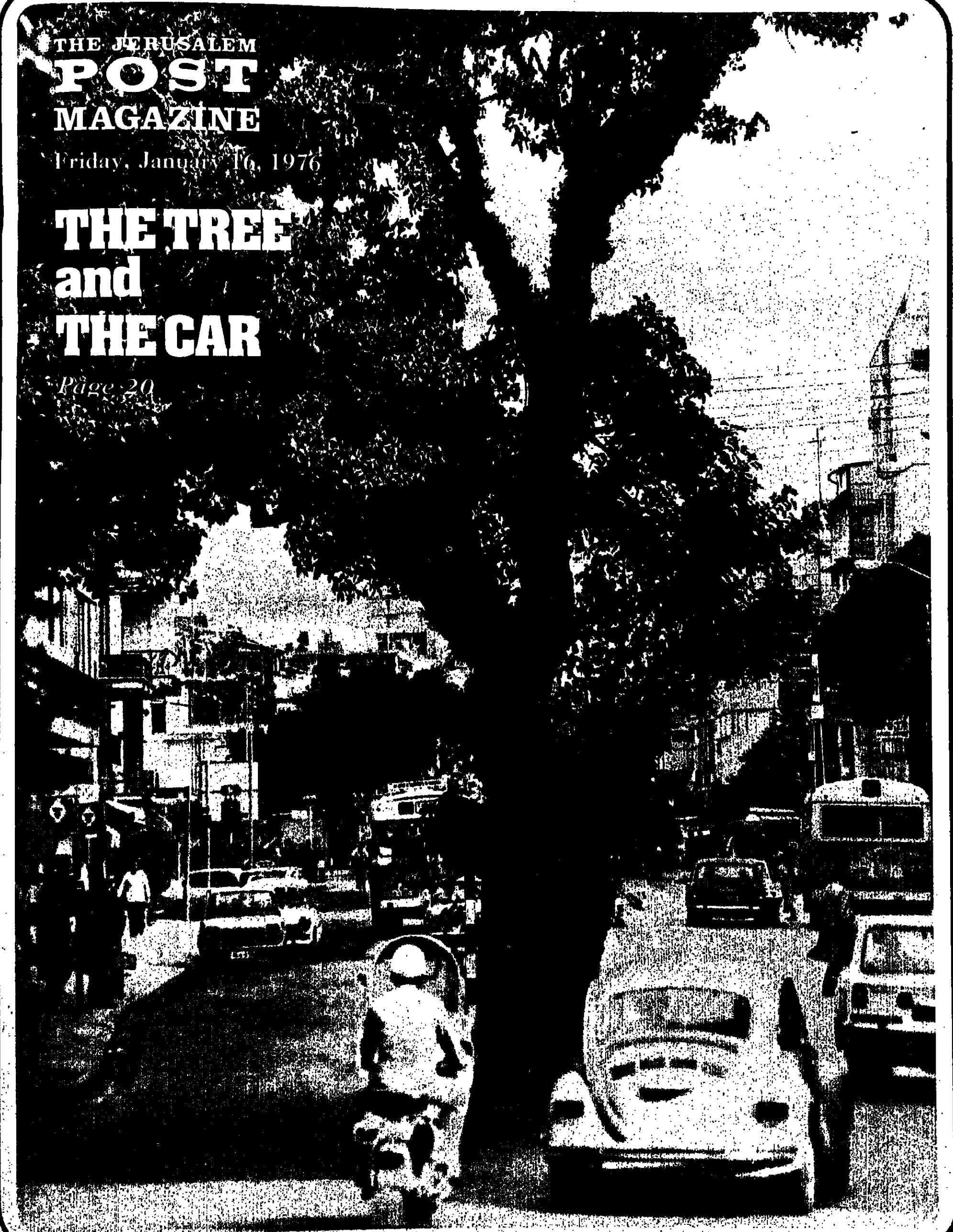
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

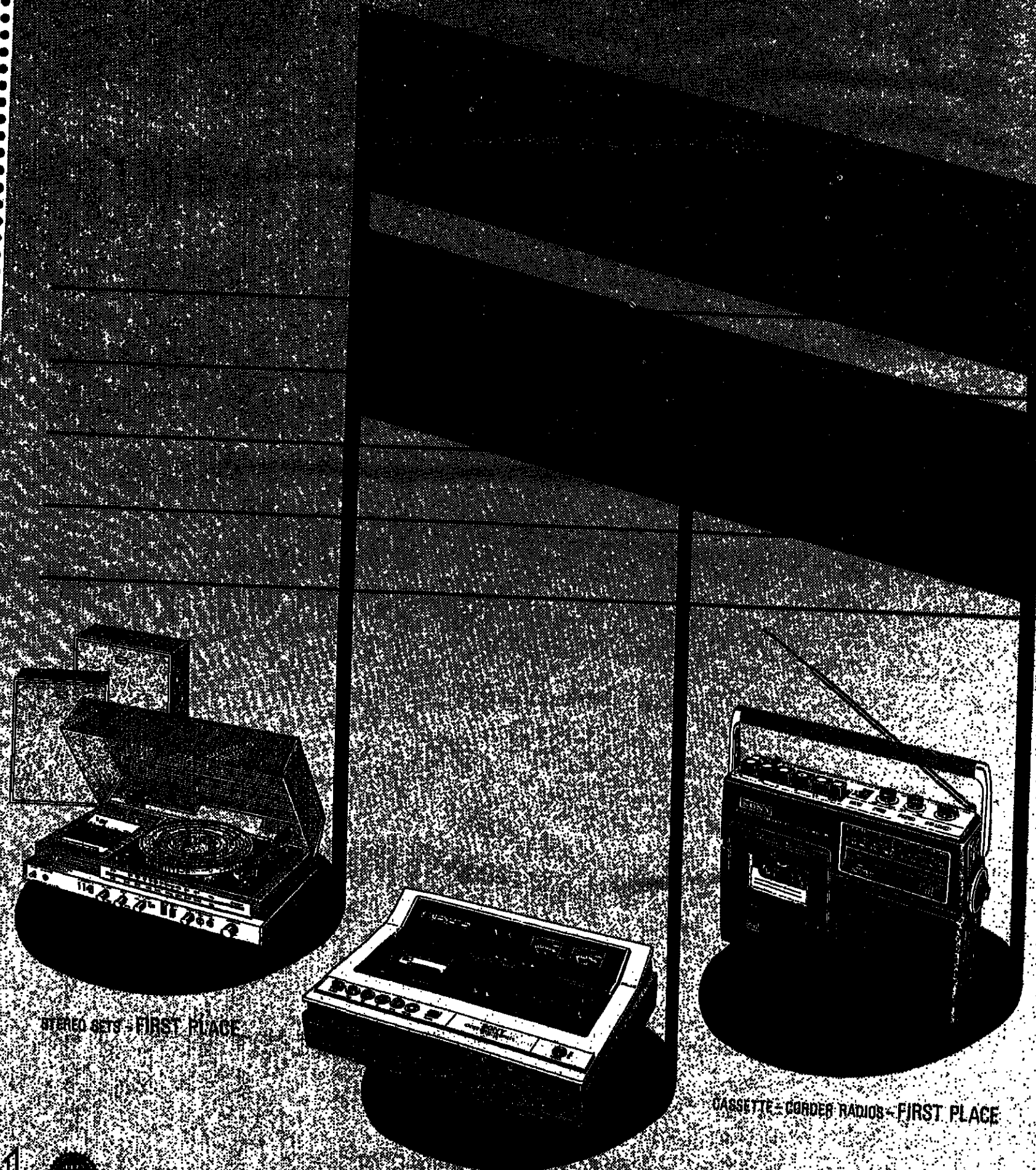
Friday, January 16, 1976

THE TREE and THE CAR

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1976

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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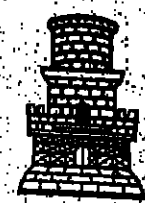
PAGE THREE

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PAGE FOUR

AN ACQUAINTANCE (said a doctor I spoke to) suffers from a malformation of the nose. That interferes with his breathing and causes headaches. A minor operation would put him right. The earliest date for surgery is — July 1977.

This story recalled the case of a Jerusalemite, a long-time member of Kupat Holim, who had trouble with his prostate gland and was unable to urinate. That was in October 1974. A catheter was inserted to permit urination, he was equipped with 100 antibiotic tablets in case of infection, and was told to wait until the following January, just to be X-rayed.

With budget cuts in the offing, these bottlenecks will surely get worse — or are they really bottlenecks? Perhaps it is possible to reduce waiting-time without extra funds and facilities, by a more efficient use of existing resources. Israel reputedly contains more doctors per thousand inhabitants than any other country. Might it be bureaucracy that accounts for such unconscionable delays?

Dr. Ya'acov Menczel, amiable director-general of the Health Ministry, brings us down to earth. It is not only doctors that are required for the smooth operation of a medical service. One needs nurses, operating-theatre personnel, laboratory assistants, X-ray technicians; and these are in short supply.

Patients anxiously awaiting X-rays were until recently faced with the sight of X-ray rooms deserted in the afternoon, and equipment lying unused. There was no second shift, for lack of radiologists; and the existing radiologists would not put in overtime, because they were not paid enough.

The problem has been overcome, at least in part, Menczel says. After long negotiations, a piece-rate system was devised for overtime that allows better utilization of the available radiologists. But there is still not enough staff to introduce that second shift. Why are X-ray men so few and far between? Two answers: lack of applicants, and lack of budget.

Still, the situation is not out of hand. "One thing you may be sure of," he says, "urgent cases get X-rayed immediately. The problem of waiting-time concerns only those whose condition is less pressing."

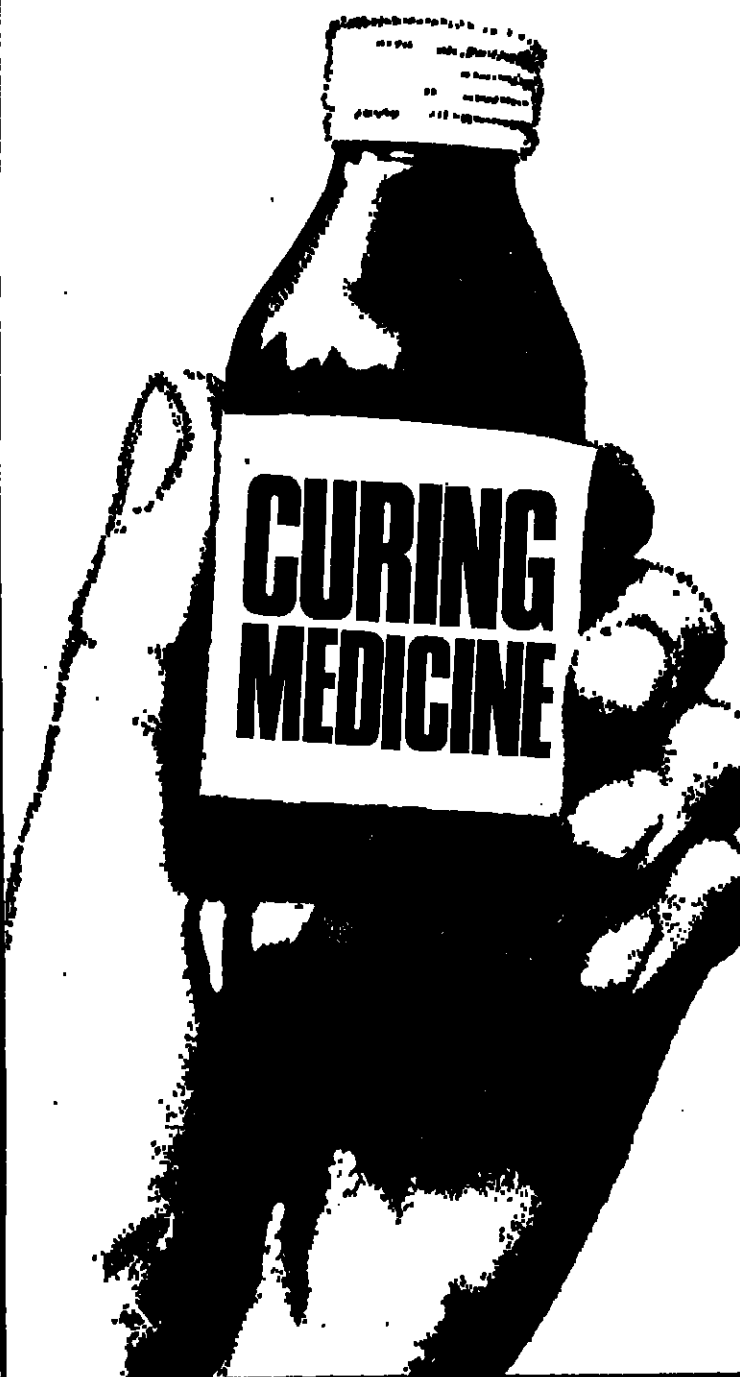
THE IMPROVEMENT in living standards throughout the Western world was expected to reduce the demand for medical attention. It has done the opposite — and that is one of the most irksome problems facing the second half of the 20th Century.

People need the doctor more, because they live longer, and old persons are vulnerable. The progress of medical science makes it possible to postpone death, sometimes at enormous cost. Every kidney patient requiring dialysis in Israel today can get it, which is considered a tremendous achievement; but the expense falls on the economy at large.

Treatment in general is more complex. People expect the best, and expect (not unreasonably) service at their doorstep. They are not willing to travel from Jerusalem to Beer Ya'acov for a gall-bladder operation, or to Ramle for a tonsillectomy.

Building a hospital is like constructing a battleship. It takes eight years to finish, and is liable to be obsolete before it opens. Since 1967 hardly any beds have

Pay something more if you need treatment and something less if you don't. This proposal to adjust health insurance fees is put forward by DAVID KRIVINE as a way to weaken endemic hypochondria, reduce hospital bottlenecks and retard growth of a medical black market.



been added in Jerusalem: the Mount Scopus complex and the new Sha'arei Zedek are still under construction. Yet the population, Jewish and Arab, keeps growing, and demand soars.

There is a striking disparity between the eagerness of the population to receive medical attention, and their reluctance to enter the para-medical occupations that are concerned with giving medical attention to others.

ISRAEL SUFFERS from over-employment (thus too few people go for jobs involving shift-work), and hypochondria (so too many seek the doctor's ministrations). In Britain's National Health Service, the average patient draws seven prescriptions a year; in Austria's service, nine; in Kupat Holim, twenty-four. The NHS member sees his doctor 4-4.5 times a year, the Kupat Holim member, 8.8 times.

Yet Israel has a younger population than Britain, so the disparity may get worse as the population ages. Statistics show that in 1961, 123 people per thousand were admitted to hospitals. In Israel, and last year 139 per thousand.

Patients are sometimes hospitalized without sufficient

doubt, he shrugs his shoulder — and sends the patient to a hospital.

The clinics have a potential which is not fully exploited. They are currently under-powered. Patients are sometimes uneasy, do not feel their complaint has been diagnosed properly, keep coming back (which can be another cause of overcrowding). Dr. Podkaminer thinks it important to strengthen the clinics, to build up their medical staff and make them treatment centres in their own right.

Dr. Menczel goes a step further, and advocates "day hospitals." People who can sleep safely at home should not be cluttering the hospitals. Only those in need of supervision round the clock deserve admittance.

IMPROVED PROCEEDINGS can take up a lot of the slack. But even that will not solve all the problem. Kupat Holim has a deficit of IL800m., out of a IL1,250m. budget. Public services in all countries are over-extended. The volume of demand baffles planners. In prosperous Sweden, people commonly have to wait up to two years for an operation. Anything that is free of charge tends to be swamped by ready takers.

There is the well-known example of the old lady queuing for attention in a Kupat Holim clinic, who asks another old lady why she had been missing from her familiar place among the row of waiting patients the day before. Her answer: "Oh, I couldn't make it yesterday, I was ill."

The lavish use of free medical facilities creates not only bottlenecks, but serious financial difficulties as well. Kupat Holim has been paying IL60 a day per patient farmed out to a Government or private hospital. The fee is now being doubled to IL120. The cost per bed-night is rising all the time. The Sick Fund's loss is liable to mount, and the Government will have less money than ever to help bridge it. Is there a way out?

Dr. Menczel has observed that length of stay at a hospital is actually not greater in Israel than in other countries except for the United States.

"Why do people spend less time in the ward there, when it is the richest country in the world?"

"Because in the United States, they have to pay."

ISRAELIS PAY, but not for treatment. What they pay is their trade union dues, part of which is seen as their fee for membership of Kupat Holim. The size of this contribution has no connection with their state of health. Suppose that two men have a cold. One stoically goes on working, and gets over it. The other absents himself from his job, attends the clinic, secures medicaments — and pays not a penny more than his self-denying colleague. There is here a financial incentive to waste the doctor's time.

Has this point ever been discussed in the assemblies of Kupat Holim? I consulted Ya'acov Naah, the Sick Fund's Ombudsman. The only thing that has been discussed, he says, is the management's recent proposal to charge a nominal fee of 60 agorot for every prescription; and that was rejected by the Histadrut Executive.

"Would it have helped?" "It would have saved us IL60m.," he said.

The opposition is to the introduction of mercenary considerations into an idealistic system. But the mercenary aspect has seeped in already. It happens

that public patients not infrequently pay cash for a consultation with the doctor, although they are not required to. And — one thing leading to another — they get treated out of turn. The man with the prostate gland had himself X-rayed privately. He was operated upon ahead of the predicted date, with the aid of a suitable honorarium, and feels disillusioned that he was steamrollered into this outlay.

What cannot be defeated should be limited. It is possible to save more than IL60m. for Kupat Holim, though this would involve changing the constitution of the Histadrut. There is a way of combining social security with personal accountability. Instead of making every member unpocket a fixed monthly due to the fund, let him be charged only 75 per cent, and the remaining 25 per cent could be levied through fees officially payable, and not just to the doctor, but to the hospital too.

On the average, each member will pay the same amount of money as he contributes now through his membership fee. The person who is often ill will pay more than the average, the person who is never ill will pay less. It sounds unfair to the sick person; but he would have some sense of responsibility for his own condition. He is paying the individual doctor, he is buying the particular medicine. He can save money for himself if he refrains from making unnecessary calls on the doctor's time. And for extreme cases there could be (as suggested in a bill recently submitted to the U.S. Congress by Senators Long and Ribicoff) insurance against the lengthy illness that can bankrupt a family.

Then again, any treatment the sick person gets over and above the national average will cost him only a quarter of the market price (or less than that, since medical services are heavily subsidised by the State). The remaining three-quarters is paid by those who get less treatment than the average. The healthy would still be supporting the sick, but only in part.

The system of charges would replace what has come to be a medical black market. Private payments should be outlawed. They are a transgression which could be eliminated if they ceased to be necessary — if (that is) demand was brought into line with supply, through an intelligent application of the price system.

ALL THIS would effect savings. For a start, Israelis are likely to become considerably less hypochondriac. At IL70-80 a day, hospitals will be a place to shun. As in America, those inside will have a motive for getting released promptly.

People not seriously ill would opt for treatment at the clinic (always supposing Dr. Podkaminer's recommendation is adopted to make the clinics more efficient). They would prefer the more economic alternative of undergoing medical tests outside the hospital. They would consume fewer pills and drugs and even bandages, only buying what they genuinely need.

A relatively modest fall in the present unfettered demand for medical services would be enough to get Kupat Holim out of the red, to overcome the shortage of paramedical personnel. And once a patient does not have to wait a year and a day for treatment, he will have less inducement to see the doctor privately and pay him a high fee — an alleviation that would be thoroughly welcome, from every point of view.

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

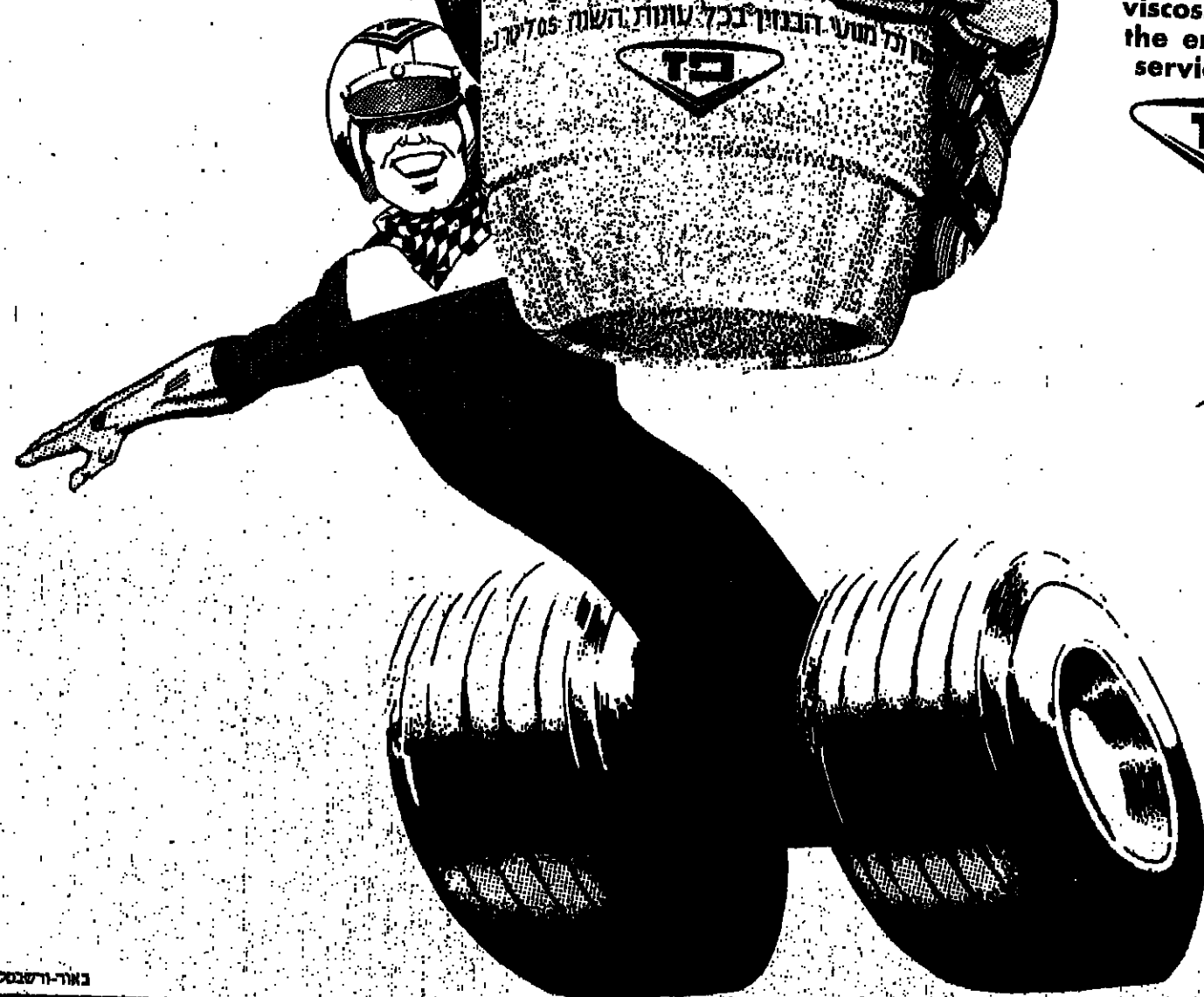
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CAGED PANTHER

A threat to society or a victim of social injustice? SUSAN BELLOS reports on Black Panther leader Reuven Abergil as he faces criminal charges.

REUVEN ABERGIL, 33, and his brothers Eliezer and Ya'acov have been charged with extortion, running protection rackets, gambling dens and shady nightclubs, and trafficking in drugs. Until he was arrested two weeks ago, Reuven was known as a leader of the Jerusalem Black Panther social protest movement, a municipal youth leader, and a gifted political agitator who was the darling of the press and the politicians.

The crimes he is accused of are ugly, but there is no doubt of his talents as a leader. Is he a monster, as the remanding magistrate suggested when he told the brothers: "If ten per cent of what is said about you is true then you should be put away for ten years"; or is he the victim of society as Avner Amiel, a senior social worker who has known Reuven for over 26 years, said in an interview last week.

Like other newsmen who covered the emergent Panther Movement six years ago, I found Reuven quick, bright, humorous and more sophisticated than most of his companions. He was skinny and undersized, like many of the Panthers, with a hollow chest and stooping shoulders, clear evidence of childhood malnutrition. Unlike some of the others he radiated charm, and his warmth and apparent sincerity could be overpowering. He was especially good at getting at one's guilt.

He met, impressed and, I am sure, inspired guilt in a whole array of personalities, including Golda Meir, Yitzhak Ben-Aharon, Yitzhak Navon, Dr. Israel Katz, Meir Pe'il, and numerous smaller fry from the media. One remembers Reuven in a Rehavia drawing-room that was equally well-stuffed with objets d'art and social-minded ladies ostensibly gathered to discuss the fate of a school for retarded children that was about to be closed for lack of funds. Dr. Naomi Kles, a young immigrant political scientist from the U.S. who had become involved with the Panthers, introduced him to the hostess who was as about as elegant and as upper as Rehavia has to offer. Reuven, burning-eyed among the thick upholstery and the well-cut maxis, started to tell the ladies about his childhood.

He came to Israel at the age of six from Morocco and spent a year at a ma'abara in Pardess Hanna. Rather than remain at the ma'abara, the family moved to Musrara, then a neglected and rather dangerous Jerusalem border area. Reuven's father sold bits of scrap iron scavenged from the no-man's land then dividing Jerusalem. Reuven, who by now had seven brothers and one sister, was sent to the ultra-Orthodox Agudat Yisrael elementary school which, though supported by the Ministry of Education, was neither supervised nor inspected. Reuven described his teachers, yeshiva boys, who spoke Yiddish among themselves and often beat the Mizrabi-speaking boys. Reuven was thrown out of school in the sixth grade, he said, for being cheeky to his teacher. He left school, almost totally ignorant, at the age of 12, and from then "my life on the streets began."

At that point, the hostess, who like all the other women had been listening with rapt attention, burst into tears: "Where have I been all



these years?" she sobbed. "How is it, in the same city, we didn't know about these things?" Other women in the room, while less eloquent than the hostess, also cried.

Most of the women went home, touched no doubt, but returned to some of their less revolutionary projects. The hostess actually stood in the municipal general election in 1973 as a Jerusalem Black Panther candidate, second only to Reuven Abergil.

REUVEN'S childhood was truly dreadful. Avner Amiel, also a Jerusalemite of poor Moroccan origin, but who graduated in Social Work at the Hebrew University, first encountered Reuven at the age of seven when he was already known to the police for loitering around the border and pilfering. Avner remembers the dark-eyed boy with some emotion. "He was a golden child," says Avner. Of all the children on the Musrara streets at the time, Reuven was the one who seemed the most likely candidate for rehabilitation. One wonders, if Reuven had been transplanted at the age of seven from Musrara, with his enormous potential, what might indeed have become of him.

Unlike his brother, Eliezer, who is alleged by witnesses to be the strongman of the Abergils, Reuven was never particularly tough, but he had natural leadership talents and soon dominated a gang which stole, hid loot in no-man's land, and even hid there occasionally from the police. At that time, he once told me, he was introduced to drugs, which "ruined my health."

This did not prevent him, if the allegations made by witnesses to the police now are true, of forcing young children into taking and peddling drugs when the time came. This may well have coincided with the establishment of a "War on Delinquency Committee" in March 1971, composed of 24 Panthers and headed by himself.

At the age of 14 Reuven was offered his first real chance when a probation officer won a plea that this gifted boy, found guilty of stealing a motor bike, should be sent to a kibbutz rather than a reform school. Reuven told me he looked back on his two years at Kibbutz Mishmar Hanegev with nostalgia and affection. He was

put into the backward class at first but was promoted a year later and did well, taking "a particular interest in Hebrew, Bible and chemistry."

At the age of 16 Reuven's family sent word that he was needed at home and he was sent back to Musrara, where although he was apprenticed to a plumber, and may even have worked at it sporadically, he resumed his old ways, and the ways of his friends. At the age of 18 he was called up, but like many of the Panthers he was rejected. Reuven claimed in a newspaper interview that "the army psychiatrist dismissed me in a few minutes." Though Reuven lived on the edge of society where army rejection was the norm, like the other Panthers, he took it badly.

THE NEXT nine years of Reuven's life saw a steady deterioration. According to what he told people who worked with him when he was a Panther leader, and what witnesses now allege, he bought and sold drugs, including opium and L.S.D., and started building his family's "empire."

A few years later Avner and his colleague in the streetcorner workers section, Yosef Meyuhas, offered what they believed the only solution to Reuven's problem: they broke the story, which was initially highly exaggerated of Musrara marginal youth forming a radical political movement based on the lines of the U.S. Black Panthers. They hoped, as many Jerusalem social workers still do, that Reuven's salvation and that of thousands of others in his situation lay in political action rather than crime. They hoped the movement itself would goad, and perhaps frighten, Israeli society into trying to do something about the social gap which had become particularly acute after the Six Day War.

The Panthers were, and are, a serious pressure group for the Oriental poor.

But a social worker who knows the Abergils well said last week the media, while spotlighting poverty, also spotlighted the boys and made it more difficult for them to rehabilitate themselves. "They would return from a meeting with Golda gloriously inflated but when left alone to deal with the daily problems of living in Musrara, they just didn't have the tools." The gap between their televised glory and their real lives led to "serious conflicts."

IT IS EASY to understand why the social workers kept quiet about the Abergils' activities beyond the submission of urgent internal memoranda to the Municipality. They argue that reporting on their clients would alienate them and make cooperation all but impossible. The silence of the police all these years is more perplexing.

A lot has changed in Musrara since Reuven's childhood. The district is full of social workers and pilot projects. But the slums and the unsupervised Agudat Yisrael schools are still standing. There are no easy solutions, though something more radical than the infusion of more social workers is required. Meanwhile Reuven's seven-year-old son Ilan is growing up in Musrara. Is there any hope for him?

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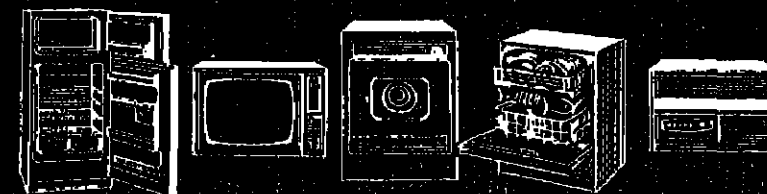
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AFTER BREZHNEV

With the Soviet party congress due to open next month, EDWARD CRANKSHAW writes that Russia has reached the stage where it does not much matter who succeeds Leonid I. Brezhnev. The British writer, widely known for his books on the USSR, explains the Russian leadership mentality in this New York Times Special Feature Service article.

LEONID BREZHNEV will be 70 next year and, as all the world knows, his health is not good. Nobody outside Russia can tell just what is wrong with him. He may continue as First Secretary for years to come. Throughout their history the Russians have never mastered the art of retiring their national figures at a reasonable age without disgrace or violence. But it seems likely that before long he will go.

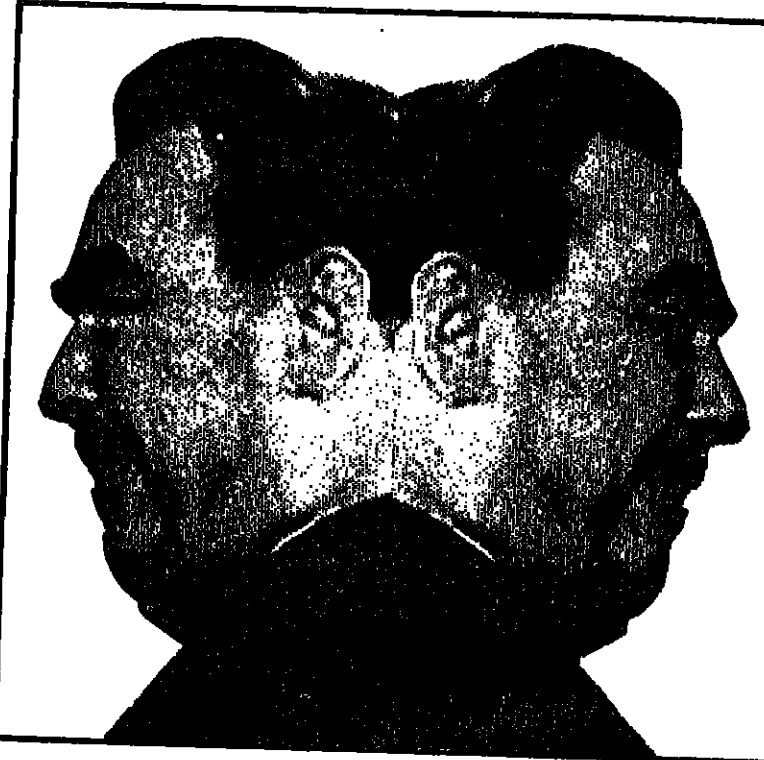
When he was ill last winter, vanishing completely for some weeks, there was some pretty wild speculation about the succession, and this has been repeated more than once when his relentless progress toward detente with the West has suffered a setback of one kind or another. For some reason I have never been able to understand, this exceptionally tough customer has come to be regarded as a figure of moderation, assailed by more belligerent colleagues for being soft on the West. The implication is that when Brezhnev retired or dies or is deposed, it will be a bad day for us.

But where is the evidence to support this notion? And what, anyway, does the concept of moderation mean — when applied to the Soviet leadership?

It seems to me that Brezhnev very accurately represents a strong consensus position, and that is why he is where he is. Further, his consensus is a relatively permanent feature, forced on the Soviet leadership by the facts of life. For the Soviet Union has reached the stage when it does not much matter who holds the reins: The sheer pressure of events, of geopolitics, economics, military technology and internal social forces dictates the general policy line, as it does in other countries not engaged in a revolutionary upheaval. The future will be a continuation of the present.

LET ME SAY at once that I do not imagine that all his colleagues, shadowy figures as most of them are, see eye to eye with Brezhnev all along the line. There can be wide differences of opinion on separate issues within a broad consensus. But I believe that in the higher reaches of the Soviet Communist Party such a consensus exists and that, even if there are sharp divisions between factions in the Central Committee — or in the Presidium itself — the supersession of one group or faction by another would not, could not, lead to dramatic reversals of foreign policy but only to changes of emphasis, any more than a victory of the Democrats over the Republicans, or vice versa, leads to a dramatic reversal of American policy.

Of course, there are lunatic fringes in all countries. They exist in the Soviet Union no less than in the U.S. — but not, I hope and believe, at the highest level. The American lunatic fringe would like to organize a pre-emptive strike against the Soviet Union; some Americans are so far gone as to believe with passion that there is no quarrel between Russia and China, that the whole



Czechoslovakia and to help Russia forget it too. The detente drive was resumed. It had to be. And the man to spearhead it could be none other than Brezhnev.

THUS, when it is said that Brezhnev will stand or fall by the success or failure of "his" policy of detente, I think we are being given the wrong picture. Leaving aside the wrong questions of what his policy really amounts to and how its success may be measured, I question the whole idea of its being a personal policy. It was certainly not inaugurated by Brezhnev.

It was inaugurated 22 years ago by Georgi Malenkov, very soon after the death of Stalin. The Malenkov line was denounced by Nikita Khrushchev during the course of the power struggle between the two men. But as soon as Malenkov was beaten, Khrushchev took over some of his ideas. Once he had got it into his head that the Soviet Union could no more survive a nuclear war than any other country, he began to preach "peaceful coexistence" and a lessening of tension.

Because he was Khrushchev, he was determined to have his cake and eat it. For a long time he thought he could have it both ways, enjoying the benefits of detente while continuing to bully and undermine the West. For a long time he was too optimistic about Russia's ability to catch up with America. Given his noisy and impetuous temperament, this meant that he steered an erratic and often alarming course. But it was a recognizable course all the same. The last great and irresistible temptation was the Cuban adventure of 1962. But after that, very ignominious failure, he seemed to have committed himself at last to what by then seemed the inevitable — the reaching of a working understanding with America — and with West Germany too.

As already observed, he went too fast and too far for the comrades, who pulled him down. But very successful efforts to forget

scores of private conversations between Russian diplomats and journalists and their Western opposite numbers) long before the Czechoslovak crisis and reverted to quite indecently soon after it. The original proposal had two main purposes — to prise Europe away from the U.S. and to formalize the Continental status quo — that is, Russia's post-war gains. It took some time to get it into Brezhnev's head that there could be no conference without the U.S., but soon he decided to make a virtue of necessity.

For by that time, Herr Brandt had transformed the German situation and Dr. Kissinger had injected quite a new element into American diplomacy. So that it became a positive advantage to have the Americans at Helsinki, joining Western Europe in recognizing Soviet hegemony over central and eastern Europe.

In exchange for what? Really not every much — some highly qualified declarations about the possibility of Soviet nationals being allowed to marry foreigners or travel about the world; a promise to exchange elementary information about projected military manoeuvres; some sort of assurance that the Soviet Union would not adopt aggressive policies in Europe — which in any case was the last thing she wanted to do until she had jacked up her own economy and sorted out her position in the Far East. And so on. One would like to feel that Dr. Kissinger had reached some sort of discreet and secret understanding on the side about Israel and the Arabs; but even if he did achieve any such thing, it was nothing the West could publicly boast about.

In fact, although the Russians gave so little at Helsinki (and already they have been at pains to emphasize that they made no promises about the freedom of Soviet citizens to do this and that, only to give careful consideration to any relevant requests), the hardest thing, almost certainly, was to allow their domestic policies to be brought into any sort of negotiation. No government likes being told that another government will conclude a deal with it only on condition that it mend its ways in the treatment of its own nationals. And the Russians, perhaps because they have more ways to mend than most, are excessively touchy about this.

MEANWHILE, the differences which must lead to argument inside the higher reaches of the party have to do with immediately practical matters, of the kind already indicated. Would it be better to take a short cut to increased food production by giving the peasants larger private plots, thus tacitly acknowledging the failure of collectivization without formally dismantling the system? Or would it be safer to keep the peasants landless and make up for poor yields from the collectives by importing grain from the West?

Should we divert money, raw materials, manpower from heavy industry and the manufacture of armaments to the development of consumer goods, and for investment in agriculture in a supreme effort to bring up the standard of living, raise the morale of the people and, by making them contented, render them immune from the temptations of the West? Or should we play safe, maintain an iron ring round our peoples and concentrate on commanding obedience at home and striking terror abroad?

How best can we deal with the threat of China's millions against that long, vulnerable frontier? Should we launch a preventive

machinery and fertilizers, in rural consumer services (and wages, too) to reverse the flight from the land, which has left food production to the clumsy merces of women, children and the very old. More positively, if Soviet society as a whole was to be kept moving and growing toward the material standards not only of the Western democracies but of Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, Russia had to take short cuts by importing Western products — not merely machines, but sophisticated plants in their entirety and all sorts of advanced technological know-how. Brezhnev is the man whose job it is to preside over this operation, but I find it hard to believe that there are any responsible Soviet Communist bosses in high positions who feel that the country is strong and stable enough at this stage of its development to pull down the blinds again, turn its back on the West and work out its own destiny until it is powerful enough to turn round and sweep the globe.

And, of course, even though the Soviet leaders do not for a moment believe that world revolution is just around the corner, the ingrained conviction that history is on their side is bound to colour their attitudes, legitimizing in their eyes all sorts of actions from the continued collectivization of agriculture at home to the encouragement of chaos in Portugal and Lebanon, not only indefensible from the point of view of reason but actually detrimental to the interests of a Soviet Union seen as a homeland to prosper and defend.

Within this general framework, the scope for disagreement between high-ranking comrades is wide. It is to be doubted whether there is a clear-cut functional division all down the line.

My own guess is that the Neanderthals will fight hard for survival and will only very gradually be edged out by the younger men who have moved toward the top on merit: not because of their political reliability (they pay lip service to the dogma, no more) but because of the very obvious need to lighten the ruling class with men of intelligence and vision. How long this process will take I cannot even guess.

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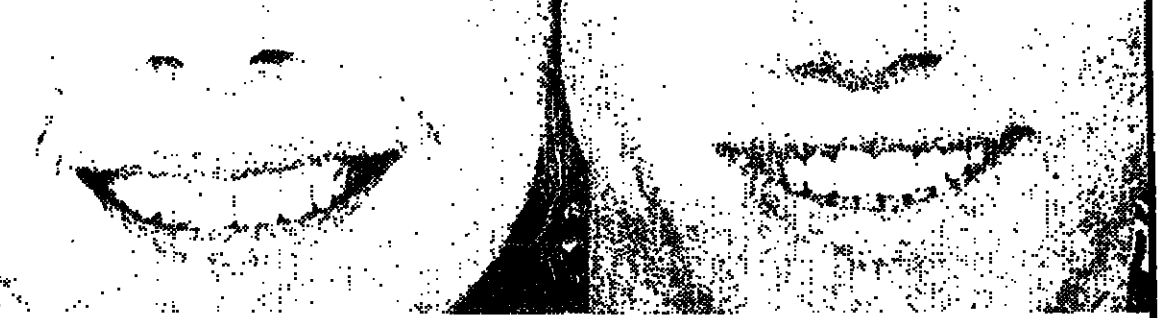
war to take out the Chinese nuclear armament while the going is good? Or should we simply mark time, hold the fort, and hope for a collapse of central government in China when Mao dies? Or should we make every possible effort to conciliate the men who may succeed to Mao?

But we are running ahead of our theme, the meaning of detente as practised by Mr. Brezhnev.

Detente in Soviet eyes does not stand for a cozy state of live and let live. It stands for an armed truce, a holding action in a dynamic situation. But it is a dynamism at present without direction. It is axiomatic in the eyes of the Soviet leadership that Communism must one day triumph throughout the world. But what do they mean by Communism? They hardly know themselves. Their minds are closed. But there are times when they must ask themselves, if not each other, where they think they are going; and I do not think they have an answer. At a time when none of us in the West (fools and fanatics excepted) have a very clear idea of where we are going, it is important to understand that there is an ever greater lack of direction, though for different reasons, on the other side of the hill. And there is more hope for us because we are not permanently blinded by a dogma, only crippled by prejudice, ignorance and inertia, all of which can be more easily thrown off than a meaningless faith.

IN A WORD, the only policy for the Soviet Union at the moment is covered by the word detente. Determined to avoid a major war, eager, almost desperate, to profit from the skills and riches of the displaced, effete and decadent West, the conventional Russian party leader of today must stagger along, eager to wound and yet afraid to strike, blundering clumsily to assert himself and make things difficult for us as the opportunity arises — in the Middle East for example — tempted to exploit dangerous situations like the Portuguese muddle in order to weaken and undermine a Western defensive and economic system, which it is very much in his immediate interest to preserve.

This was always the Russians' way — to stir up trouble and then draw back when the trouble spot was at their mercy: to allow different departments of state to pursue opposed policies simultaneously (Czarist activity in the Balkans throughout the 19th century offers many such examples). This sort of ambiguity and equivocation (Lord Salisbury, then British Foreign Minister, called it the traditional quality of Russian behaviour) is nowhere more marked, translated into contemporary terms, than in the matter of subversion. If any country needs at this moment a stable environment in which to pull itself together and develop its own resources with foreign help, that country is the Soviet Union. Yet just as in the 1920s, when the newly born Soviet Foreign Ministry tolled unremittingly to win the trust of the capitalist world so Russia could draw on its resources while the officials of the Comintern tolled no less unremittingly to subvert the very countries upon whose goodwill the infant Soviet Union set such store, so today Brezhnev and his friends, genuinely seeking detente and relaxation all round, cannot resist the old traditional stupid urge to do just this. National tradition reinforces Leninist dogma. Only national cautiousness (not moderation) holds them back.



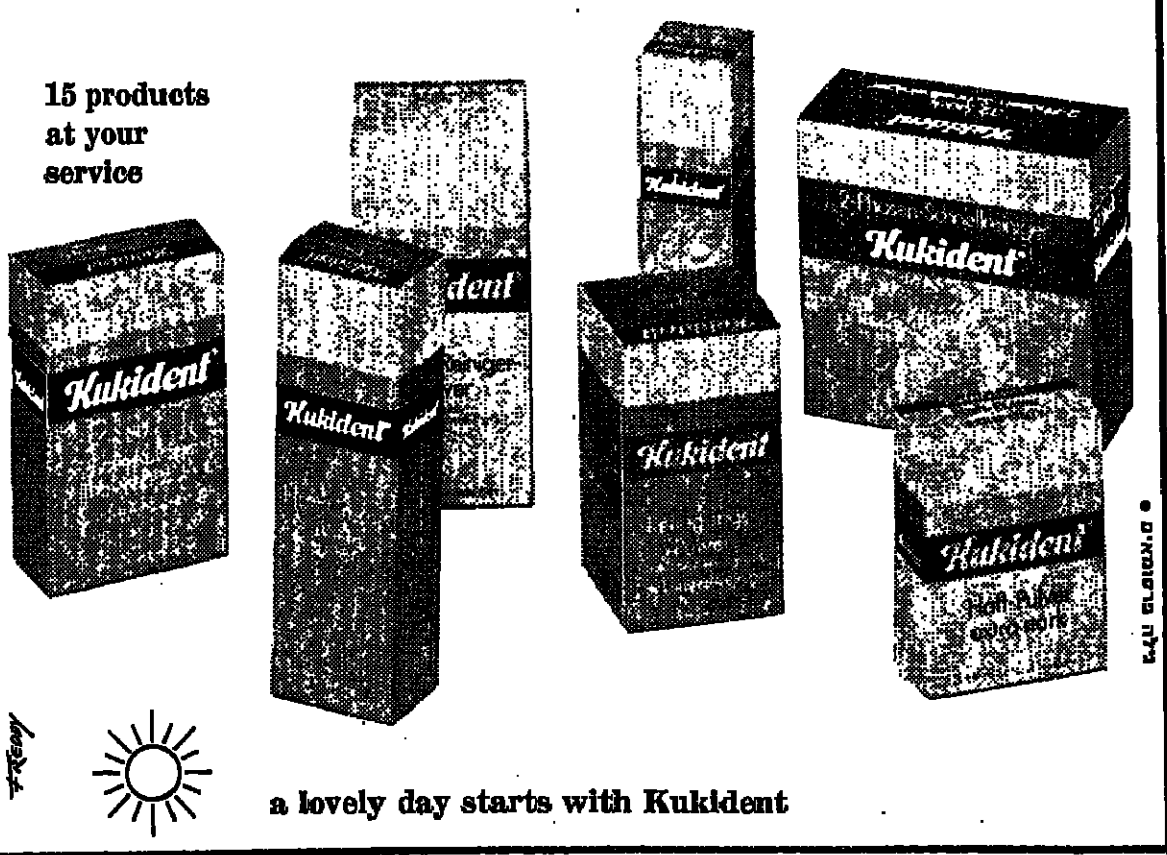
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1976

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

Kasha recalled



A YOUNG FRIEND who discovered recently that the world of food has more to offer than meat, potatoes and two veg. asked me recently if I had ever heard of kasha. Until then he had only known of a mysterious ingredient — buckwheat — often found in American pancake mixes.

I answered, much affronted, that I had grown up on kasha and never found it strange or exotic. On the contrary, my mother's family, which hails from the Russian Pale of Jewish Settlement, considered it very much a staple.

On further consideration, however, I realized that although I like the grain, it was many years since I had eaten it. Further enquiries revealed that although many of my acquaintances had eaten kasha in their parents' homes, hardly any of them actually knew how to cook it. Kasha, it seems, had passed from the realm of real home cooking to the shadowy netherworld of the natural food fetishists, to be eaten while sitting on cushions on the floor and drinking murky herb tea.

TO PREPARE kasha (*kusemei* in Hebrew), take about a cup of either the whole grain or split (which I prefer) variety and pick out any foreign matter such as small stones or twigs. Pour the grains into a large frying pan and mix an egg into them. At the same time, begin heating water in a kettle.

Heat the kasha and egg mixture in the pan without shortening, stirring constantly. Soon it will begin to exude a characteristic grainy aroma.

When the kasha in the pan is quite dry and each grain is separated, continue heating for a minute or two and then slowly add the boiling water. Continue adding the water slowly until it seems that no more water can be absorbed. Season with plenty of salt or soup powder, allow the kasha to cook covered another five minutes over a low flame, and leave covered off the fire for at least five more minutes.

Serve the kasha as it is, with or without gravy, or else serve kasha varnishkes. The latter simply being kasha mixed with cooked drained "bowtie" noodles and a large quantity of fried onions.



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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PAGE ELEVEN

IT IS in the Israeli Arab village that one today finds the fierce thrust towards education that marked the immigrant Jewish generations in the West. Parents want their children to become doctors, lawyers or engineers and they are prepared to make sacrifices to bring this about.

Concomitantly, there is a tendency towards smaller families, the better to give all the children an education and to achieve a standard of living that is strongly influenced by surrounding Jewish life-styles.

Israeli Moslems have one of the highest annual birth rates in the world, 43.7 per thousand, over twice that of the Israeli Jews' 20.5 per thousand.

But when a group of teenage high school girls at a large Arab village was asked recently about the desirable family size, most said they wanted two or three children "like the Jewish girls."

All of them came from families of eight or nine children. These students were an as yet small elite of educated girls in the village — but it does appear that an increasing number of families are being planned. This was confirmed by the chief physician at the regional Government health centre who said that over the past five years he has provided an average of over 100 intra-uterine devices annually to young married women "with the consent of their husbands, of course."

(Over the past year about a score of women have had the I.U.D.s removed in order to have another child: couples have found that new child maintenance grants from National Insurance would equal the wages earned by the husband in overtime work.)

One prosperous villager confided recently to a visitor that his sons were good workers but had "heads of concrete." His hopes for a doctor or lawyer in his family rested, he said proudly, with his 14-year-old daughter, Fawala.

Clearly, traditional attitudes on the role of women are falling away before the force of a new understanding that education holds the key for success of the children of a generation of village Arabs who are well up on the ladder of material success.



Girls and boys in the twelfth grade of the local secondary school: together but still separate.

IBNI THE DOCTOR

Israeli Arab families see education as the key to success, writes YOSEF GOELL in a second article based on a month's stay at a village in the Little Triangle. Photos are by ALIZA AUERBACH

out of the village to schools in surrounding Jewish towns or further away to Nazareth, Haifa and even East Jerusalem.

CLOSE TO a dozen men of one village are studying abroad — in Italy and Rumania. Italy — more specifically Bologna — is the goal of those whose families are determined to have a doctor in the family, but who have not weathered the intense competition for admission to Israel's medical schools.

Rumania is a newly discovered, and cheaper, source of medical and other higher education. The students there, one is told, were not sent by the Israel Communist Party. "Rakah protektzia gets students to East Germany and Hungary and — for the real Communist elite — to the Soviet Union." Rumania is considered to be a fairly inexpensive alternative, and its universities are relatively open to foreign students.

Still, it cost one family IL2,500 a month to maintain a son in a Rumanian medical school. This is a big chunk out of any family budget. In the village it is made

possible by the continuation, in varying degrees, of the *hamulla* system. Traditionally, married sons and their families continued to live near the parents to form an extended family and a closed economy. The patriarch and untolders and the daughters-in-law worked at cottage industries or in the family fields. To a large extent this system has disappeared but it has left a residue of close cooperation and mutual financial support.

This writer was the guest of a large *hamulla* whose income derived from ancestral lands, managed by one son, and from newer businesses such as trucking; contracting in surrounding kibbutzim, and school teaching. Income was pooled and distributed through the father to the constituent families; the detailed workings of the system were not ascertained by a visitor unwilling to enquire closely on its fine points.

THE ADVANTAGES of the *hamulla* system are immediately apparent: the death of a parent does not create the problem that would arise in a Jewish nuclear

family with respect to the care of the children. And the concern and care of sons for aging parents is a heartwarming sight to a person familiar with the serious problems in this area in modern Jewish Israel.

Bride price, the *mohar*, has in effect been abolished but prospective grooms are expected to provide a fully-furnished house — in accordance with the latest Tel Aviv influenced standards — before a father will agree to a betrothal. More importantly, a young woman will generally be able to choose her husband — subject to her father's veto — rather than (at best) the reverse, as was the practice until recently.

Outwardly at least, modernization has made a dent in religious practice. The call of the *mosque* to prayer rings out five times daily from the several mosques of a village; but attendance is generally very small.

Rapid modernization is reflected in village architecture, home decoration, clothing and food, where the influence of nearby Netanya and Haifa and the neighbouring kibbutzim in which many of the villagers work, is

widely felt. Imitation of modern Israeli fashion has sometimes been carried out blindly in regard of day-to-day living

AT THE SAME time a reaction has set in to the identity-shattering effects of a blind rush into modernity. Fifteen years ago the oldest sons of one family, going to marry and build their home, sought to pull down the father's house with its primitive, unfashionable arches and work. The father would not let it and today the sons are glad didn't: the old house gives the all a strengthened feeling of identity and continuity.

Food habits too reflect a return to tradition. In the 1950s visitor is told, many villages sought out Jewish canned and processed foods. In the 1960s many are returning to home-prepared foods.

Everything that is Jewish, thus modern, possesses a powerful attraction to the villagers who are still in the first generation of rapid modernization. Yet one feels an emerging attempt to strike a comfortable balance between Arab and Jewish mores.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

ALL MY SONS (Cameri) Arthur Miller's play written during WWII about unscrupulous war profiteers (Not yet reviewed) Tel Aviv (Cameri) Thurs. 8.30.

ALL MY SONS (English Theatre of Rehovot) — Arthur Miller's play presented in English. Rehovot (Wit) Sun. 8.30, Tel Aviv (Rachumi) Mon., Wed., Thurs. 8.30.

ARISE, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? (Teatva) An improvisation under the direction of Peter Frye. Plot development through suggestions by audience. Tel Aviv (Teatva) Thurs. 8.00.

THE CASTLE (Habimah) Franz Kafka's enigmatic, frightening story about a stranger and a castle, a symbolically alien world which refuses to recognize him. (Not yet reviewed) Tel Aviv (Habimah) Sun., Wed., Thurs., 8.00.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS (Cameri) Shakespeare's comedy is full of puns, word plays, topical allusions by translator-adaptor Ben Altschuler, and full gags contributed by director Peter James. Plenty of laughs — watch Zahara Harifal deliver a sexy song — but adds up to little considering the size of the show, all the effort and money that went into it. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Sat. 8.45 and 9.00, Sun. 8.30 and 8.50. Beerseba (Keren) Wed., Thurs. 8.00.

OROOM (Halifa) Hanech Levin's new play is populated by the playwright's usual contingent of frustrated people, but there is warmth and compassion under his ironic, biting humour. (See review) Haifa (Theatre) Sat. 8.30.

THE GOVERNOR OF JERICHO (Cameri-Teatva) Josef Mundy's play is a pseudo-symbolic mishmash about the Israeli occupation of the West Bank, written in a thoroughly dishonest and essentially meaningless manner. Tel Aviv (Teatva) Tues. 8.30.

HOTSPOTS (Habimah) The 1948 play by Spanish Gil Robles is set in Venezuela during Bolivar's revolt against the Spanish, and deals with a moral dilemma. The melodramatic plot is too neat, but the characterization is too black-and-white, and the production is passable. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Small Hall) Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.00, Wed. 8.00.

THE JOKER (Haifa) Yehoshua Sobol's new play about a group of reservists in a bunker on the Golan Heights is terribly funny, very sad, and beautifully authentic. Excellent acting by the all-male cast of six under Nola Chilton's direction. Tel Aviv (Bait Ha'am) 8.30.

LITTLE SHRAGA (Haifa) — Ramat Hahayal (Bait Hancor) 8.30.

OF LIGHT-MINDEDNESS AND FRIVOLOUS (Habimah) The 18th century play by Rob Aharon Wolfson, a fighter against the religious establishment in Germany, in brilliantly funny modern dress, by director Omri Nitan. Fun all the way. Tel Aviv (Small Hall) Mon., Tues. 8.30.

LIVE LIKE PIGS (Cameri) Tragi-comedy by John Arden, director: David Bergman, with Albert Cohen, Edna Piladel, Mital Bat-Adam, Yossi Graber, Yehuda Fuchs. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Mon., Tues. 8.30.

MOTHER COURAGE — Brecht's modern classic about venality of society and the horrors of war in a generally good production by David Levine with Lia Koenig as the indomitable Mother Courage. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Large Hall) Sat., Sun., Wed., Thurs. 8.00.

"THE PASSER-BY" and "THE KITE AND THE WIND." Two mixed-media plays (acrobats, puppets and music) for adults. (Reviewed this week). Jerusalem (Teatva) Tonight, 8.30 p.m.

POETRY MIDNIGHT (Habimah) In 3 languages. David Avidan introduces and leads discussion with audience: Poems read by the poets — Dennis Rilk (in English), Semyel Greenberg (in Russian), Oded Sordik (in Spanish). Hebrew translations will also be read. Tel Aviv (Habimah) Thurs. 8.00.

THE TITANIC (Habimah) A new version of the much performed Shalom Aleichem tragedy-comedy. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Large Hall) Mon. 8.00 and 8.30, Tues. 8.30.

UPON A FIDDLE (Beerseba) A tongue-in-cheek musical adaptation of Sholem Aleichem's story about a boy who wanted to become a fiddler against the will of parents and environment. Beerseba (Hanim-Beth, Small Hall) Sat. 8.30, Sun. 8.00, Wed. 8.00.



Vittorio Gassman, winner of Best Actor award for "Profumo Di Donna."

CINEMA

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS — Revival of the sparkling 1951 musical which won Academy Awards. Directed by Vincent Minnelli and starring Gene Kelly, with music by George Gershwin. The final musical sequence remains unsurpassed as a film ballet.

BEYOND THE DOOR — Another demonic possession film that attempts to combine "Rosemary's Baby" with "The Exorcist" and satirize poor Juliet Mills and Richard Johnson for this purpose. Piffle and not chilling.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER — Remake of the 1945 film which brought fame to Trevor Howard, Celia Johnson and director David Lean. Now Sophie Loren and Richard Burton are the couple who meet by chance at a railway station, gradually fall in love and then say goodbye to romance. No longer a tear-jerker but pleasant to see and acted with quiet feeling by the principals. Directed by Alan Bridges ("The Hiredling").

LE CHIAT BY LA SOURCE — Glossy detective yarn with Michele Morgan (absent from the screen for about 5 years) as the mouse pursued by Serge Reggiani as the cat who suspects her of murdering her rich, philandering husband. Superficial but entertaining. Directed by Claude Lelouch ("La Bonne Annee," "Le Voyou").

CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER — Broad and breezy British sex-comedy about an amorous window cleaner who spends more time climbing into beds with clients than cleaning up leaders. Crude at times but mildly amusing.

DISTANT INNOCENTS — Claude Chabrol's latest suggests the best of previous work, everything to be other than expected. Some interesting characterizations. With Rod Taylor, Romy Schneider, Jean Rochefort, English dialogue.

ESQUADRA — A traditional blockbuster (no pun intended), "Esquadra" has skyscrapers collapsing, car-bombing, bullets and dam building, Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner star, Richard "Ghat" Rowntree does an Evil Knievel, Lorne Greene, wheeler deals, and George Kennedy kills a berserk National Guardsman who, having already shot three of his mates, tries his hand, etc. at rape. Action packed.

THE EIGHTH SANCTION — Cliche-ridden action film, a sort of "poor man's James Bond" with Clint Eastwood doubling as director and star. The piece is almost redeemed by a brilliantly done mountain-climbing sequence, showing a handsome climb up the sheer face of the 19,000-ft Elger in the Swiss Alps.

FILM STORY — Competently made, exciting picture with Alain Delon as the cop and Jean-Louis Trintignant as the killer he is determined to capture. Based on a true life story recounted by the Inspector in charge of the case some 35 years later. Directed by Jacques Deray ("Dromedaire"). Brilliant example of the genre. French dialogue.

THE FORTUNE — More Hollywood nostalgia in this Mike Nichols farce about a pair of Italian comedians (Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson) conspiring to part a scotch-breasted heiress (talented newcomer Sherry Stoner) from her inheritance. Offers very funny, but with some fat periods. The film has a wonderfully authentic 1930s flavour throughout.

THE MIDNIGHT MAN — Murder mystery with Burt Lancaster as a convict on parole who can't forget he was once a policeman. Sum-of-the-mill thriller with far too much going on.

PAPER TIGER — Left-wing revolutionaries in a Pacific state kidnap the son of the Japanese ambassador along with the boy's brainless English tutor. The boy's courage helps the man find his own strength. Directed by Kei Saito with David Niven, Toshiro Mifune, Hardy Kruger and Japanese boy called Aoi as the hero. Handicraft fare for the youngsters.

FRENCH CONNECTION II — New York cop "Poppy" Doyle (Gene Hackman) is once again on the trail of Charrier (Fernando Ray), one of the biggest heroin pushers around. Director John Frankenheimer has managed the technical aspects of the film well enough. However, the unrealistic plot and Poppy's unrestrained brutality offend.

THE GAMBLER — Powerful story of a compulsive New York gambler, desperately trying to raise \$4,000 dollars lost in a bad night at the Syndicate's casino. Polished direction by Karl Roos, and a towering performance by James Chan in the title-role. Tends to drag in the middle.

THE HAPPY HOOKER — Based on Xavier Hollander's memoirs of her life as a prostitute. The film is poorly scripted, poorly directed and has not a scrap of human feeling in it. Lynn Redgrave as the by no means happy hooker works hard to no great end.

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR — Norman Jewison's film of the very successful rock opera based on the last days of Jesus' life which was filmed in Israel is musically and visually exciting. The black Judas, powerfully portrayed by Carl Anderson, dwarfs everyone else.

LENNY — A black-and-white, documentary-like treatment of America's controversial comic Lenny Bruce. That is neither informative nor entertaining. Stars Dustin Hoffman.

LESS MY FATHER TOLD ME — Revolves round the relationship between a seven-year-old boy and his junk-dealing grandfather, members of a Russian-Jewish family living in the Montreal of the 'twenties. Story and characters are of the all too familiar type and it is all very sentimental but Yoni Yadin makes a sympathetic Zeide and Little Jeffrey Lynas is a charming child. Screenplay by Ted Allan, directed by Jan Kadar ("The Shop on the High Street").

LOVE AND DEATH — Woody Allen's latest presents the diminutive comedian as Boris, a 19th century Russian, a coward in a family of patriots who had a vision of Death as a boy and thenceforward is greatly taken up with the subject. A lot of the film is hilarious but there are times when the verbal humour and the visual gags fall flat. Still, there is plenty to please Woody fans. Diane Keaton is the lady in the case.

MANDINGO — A screen adaptation of Kyle Onstott's best-selling novel set in America's Old South, and starring James Mason, Susan George and Perry King. Richard Fleischer directs with a heavy hand, as the agonies suffered by the black slaves are piled on and sensationalized, but he makes some amends with his superb recreation of a long-vanished world.

THE MIDNIGHT MAN — Murder mystery with Burt Lancaster as a convict on parole who can't forget he was once a policeman. Sum-of-the-mill thriller with far too much going on.

PAPER TIGER — Left-wing revolutionaries in a Pacific state kidnap the son of the Japanese ambassador along with the boy's brainless English tutor. The boy's courage helps the man find his own strength. Directed by Kei Saito with David Niven, Toshiro Mifune, Hardy Kruger and Japanese boy called Aoi as the hero. Handicraft fare for the youngsters.

THE NIGHT PORTER — Shocking film of erotic relationship between a former S.S. officer (Dirk Bogarde) and a woman (Charlotte Rampling) who had been his sex slave in a concentration camp 14 years prior to events recounted. Bogarde's performance is outstanding. Directed by Liliana Cavani.

THE PASSENGER — Antonioni's latest film of a man's quest for a new identity is partly a study in alienation and partly a suspense story with Jack Nicholson as the man and Maria Schneider as his appealing travelling companion. Bore, obscure but fascinating and visually rich.

PROFUMO DI DONNA — Zesty yet poignant study of pride with Vittorio Gassman giving a remarkable portrayal of a man disabled at the height of his powers. Directed by Dino Risai with Alessandro Momo and Agostina Belli. Should not be missed.

LA RIVALE — Edgar has his life happily organized between his wife Blanche and his mistress Claire until his wife becomes her rival's best friend. Featherweight film which is given appropriate light treatment by Sergio Gobbi but is rather pleasing mainly because of the excellent acting of Eibi Anderson, Genevieve Postel and Jean Plat.

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHWOMAN — Intriguing psychological drama laced with humour. Directed by Joseph Losey with his usual flair and featuring immaculate performances by Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine and Helmut Berger. The film is based on the novel by Thomas Mann, who himself wrote the music and urban scenery together with Tom Stoppard. Slightly pretentious, but recommended.

ROYAL FLAME — Director Richard Lester ("The Three Musketeers") and "The Four Musketeers" remains in the field of historical parody in this very comedy about the misadventures in a middle-European principality of a fictional Victorian rake. Amusing at first, but the joke soon palls. Mahoney, Burt Reynolds, Alan Bates and Florida Bonham lead the talented cast.

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE — Ingmar Bergman's remarkable study of an intimate relationship with a magical performance by Liv Ullmann and line acting by Erland Josephson as her husband. Three hours viewing that keeps the viewer's attention riveted throughout.

THE VOYAGE — Vittorio De Sica's last film. Sophie Loren and Richard Burton, appearing together on the screen for the first time, star in this often moving drama, based on a Pirandello short story. While the great director brilliantly recreates Sicily at the turn of the century, the piece at times unhappily degenerates into a rather kitschy tear-jerker.

LIGHT MUSIC

FADOM, FADOM, FADOM, Songs of Edith Piaf. Tel Aviv (Teatva), Sat. 8.30. LAHARAT TAMUS Tel Aviv (Teatva) — Fri. 8.00 & Midnight, Sat. 11.00.

"LETTERS TO THE EDITOR" (Teatva) — The "That's All for the Time Being" group (Yehonatan Gefen, Dani Litani and others) in a new show with guitars, piano, songs, skills, laughter, tears and maybe even Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv (Teatva) Sun., Mon., 8.00.

INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC (Teatva) — Singers and musicians from different countries. Jerusalem (Teatva) Wed. 8.00.

TEBIVAT Party. Sing-along with Shlomo Tcherniack. Talk with slides on "Our Country" by Telgi Ron. Programme of singers and musicians. Jerusalem (Teatva), Sat. 8.00.

OOTI LI GOOTE LI (Cameri) The perennial musical show for children, re-written by the poet Avraham Shlonsky from the Grimm tales. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Tues. 10.00 a.m.

OPERA

The Israel National Opera Presents: Joh. Strauss "Die Fledermaus", produced by Eda De-Philippis, conductor: A. Levantov, cast: Esther Baumel, Miriam Laron, Benno Schwartz, Michael Kahane, Naomi Pinkus, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Michael Gleskesman, Gloria Shoron (Tel Aviv: Saturday).

Kern: "Show Boat": produced by Eda De-Philippis, conductor: A. Levantov/A. Talmor, cast: Judith Lynn, Sava Reichelberger, Nicholas Scarpinati, Leonard Graves, John Minlov/Philippo De-Stefano, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Lesley White, William L. Laron, Naomi Pinkus, Lol Laron, Benno Schwartz, Callie Bloom, Gloria Shoron, Yehuda Shmueli (Jerusalem: Monday); Avdimov: "Alexander", produced by Eda De-Philippis, conductor: George Singer; choreography: Jacob Kahan; Gloria Master; Dr. H. Pinkus; cast: Susan Reichelberger/Naomi Pinkus, Miriam Laron, Michael Gleskesman, Mordochai Ben-Shachar, Steven Elias, Yehuda Shmueli, Benno Schwartz, Gloria Shoron, Yoram Segev, Mita Cherkov, Rafael Rosenblatt, Joseph Gross (Haifa: Thursday).

MUSIC

All events start at 20.30 hours, unless otherwise stated.

JERUSALEM Music at the Khan — Victor Deraviano performs Beethoven (Sonata No. 4), Prokofiev Piano (First Piece), and Schumann ("Kreisleriana") — at the Jerusalem Khan: Music at the Museum — Musical Spectrum No. 3, prepared and presented by Boris Bergman, with Gila Yaron, Mira Zakai, Robert Koff, Alla Yampolsky, Yossi Lifshitz, and Rod Taylor, Romy Schneider, Jean Rochefort, English dialogue.

Music at the University — Salvatore Di Giusevino in Accordance recital of Classical music — under the auspices of the Hebrew University — for students and teaching staff, at the Wise Auditorium: Monday, at 13.15 hours.

Music at Eln Karem — The Israel Piano Quartet plays works by Copland, Beethoven and Brahms — at the Targ Music Centre, Eln Karem: Monday, Special United Tours bus from office near King David Hotel, at 19.30, from the Kings Hotel, at 19.45, from Mount Herzl, at 20.30. Return trip assured.

Symphony Concert — The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Gary Bertini conducting, in "Yemenite Suite" by M. Seter (with Rena Samonov, mezzo soprano), the Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn (with Uri Plank), and Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony ("Pathétique") — at the Jerusalem Theatre. "All-time Favourites," No. 3: Tuesday.

Recital — Ruth Mayan, harp, and Wendy Adler, flute, in joint recital of music by Bach, Hindemith, Gluck, and Mayan. C.F.B. Bach, Persichetti, Rostini, Faure — at the Rubin Academy: Wednesday.

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY presents a Bach programme with organ No. 155, organ works and works by Schubert and Handel, directed by Frieda, with Louis Garb (tenor), Reuben Cohen (bass), and At Tarnatna: Evangelical Church, 50 Hanevrim St., Saturday.

NEW DIMENSIONS in Music, presented by John Francis Williams, presenting Luciano Berio's Sequenza V, for Trombone Solo (Benny Sluchin), and his Air for String Trio, Piano and Soprano (with Adi Elion-Zaki, Sara Fuxon — Heyman, Rafael Gleskesman, Zeev Shenberg, Yacov Meuser), world premiere of "Synchromotraz" by Zvi Tadmor, for soprano, tape and a door; "Fantasmagoria" by Kamler's Berok, for two percussionists (Amela Jones and Jeff Kowalski) and piano music with live art — at the Rubin Academy: Wednesday.

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 5 — Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau conducting with Romy Rogoff, piano; Mendelssohn "Piano Concerto"; Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 5, K. 219; Brahms: Symphony No. 4: Thursday.

DANCE

BARBOS DANCE COMPANY: Concerto Crouce (Chacon Garry) Whirligigs (Lay Lohfink) Metaphors (Garry Whirligigs) Tel Aviv (Gone Hill Again), Gan Shmuel, Thurs. 8.00.

THE CLASSICAL BALLET: Serenade (Gone Hill Again), Electra-Bach (Pella Blanka), Sweet Agony (Gone Hill Again), Tel Aviv (Cameri) Wed. 8.00 p.m.

Tel Aviv Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 17, 1976

ALLENBY Tel. 57820

RUSSIAN ROULETTE
GEORGE SEGAL
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 222759

2nd week
VITTORIO DE SICA'S
A BRIEF VACATION
FLORINDA BOLKAN
SERATO FALVAFORI
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN Tel. 262283

5th week
OLINT EASTWOOD
THE EIGER SANCTION
Adults only
4.30, 7.00, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

ISRAEL PREMIERE
PAUL AND MICHELLE
ANIQUE ALVINA
SEAN BURY
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

3rd week
THE FORTUNE
WARRREN BEATTY
JACK NICHOLSON
Fri., 12, 2
Sat., 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays, 7.15, 9.30, 2, 4.30

CINERAMA

2nd week
7.15-9.30

* LEE VAN CLEEF
* JAMES MASON
* GINA LOLLORIGIDA
Bad Man's River

DEKEL Tel. 464114/5

4th week
Shella Levine Is Dead And Living In New York
JENNY BERLIN
ROY SCHNEIDER
7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN CINEMA

TEL. 477177

From Sat. night, 11.1.76
at 8.00 adventures
Sans Famille
ALAIN DELON
CHARLES BRONSON
The tension of a fantastic friendship
Adieu L'ami
ALAIN DELON
CHARLES BRONSON
The tension of a fantastic friendship
LES JEUNES LOUPS
An intrusion into the secret world and experiences of young people, free of all morals...

Jerusalem Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 17, 1976

ARNON Tel. 224289

SOPHIA LOREN
RICHARD BURTON
THE VOYAGE
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

CHEN Tel. 222955

URSULA ANDRESS
STICK THEM UP
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

EDEN Tel. 223829

LEE J. COBB
JOHN BOBBL
THE POLICE LOOK ON HELPLESSLY
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

EDISON Tel. 224056

FERHAN SAVAS
MESUT ENGIN
SEVMEK
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

HABIRAH Tel. 222866

DAVID HEDDINGS
DEEP RED
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

JERUSALEM

5th week
GLENDA JACKSON
MICHAEL CAINE
The Romantic Englishwoman
4, 7, 9, Sat. at 7, 9

RAMAT AVIV

YOSHI YADIN
Lies My Father Told Me
Sat. and all week, 7.15, 9.30
Fri. 10, midnight
also on Tuesday at 4

ROYAL Tel. 53851

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS
GENE KELLY
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO Tel. 295817

DOG DAY AFTERNOON
AL PACINO
Directed by SIDNEY LUMET
Adults only
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181

Not all nightmares happen while you sleep
HAYLEY MILLS
STENZING HAYDEN
DEADLY STRANGERS
Adults only
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TORRELET Tel. 440896

1st week
ROYAL FLASH
OLIVER REED
ALLAN BATES
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Haifa Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 17, 1976

AMPHITHEATRE

LEK VAN CLEEF
JIM BROWN
CATHARINE SPAACK
in a 5000 western
TAKE A HARD RIDE
In colour. For adults only.
Peris. 4.30, 6.45, 9.00

ARMON Tel. 664348

2nd week
The first time in Israel
The film in "sensurround"
will only be played at this
theatre and will not be
shown elsewhere in Haifa
and surroundings
EARTHQUAKE
CHARLTON HESTON
AVA GARDNER
GEORGE KENNEDY
Owing to length of peris.
Sat., 8.30, 9.00
Week. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

ATZMON

ROMY SCHNEIDER
ROD STEIGER
in Claude Chabrol's
suspense film
DIRTY INNOCENTS
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

CHEN Tel. 666272

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
reveals the true story of
her life in the film
THE HAPPY HOOKER
with LYNN BENDRAVE
JEAN-PIERRE ARMENT
For Adults Only
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

MIRON Tel. 663008

From Friday
six nonstop peris.
MAURICE ROYER
and LISA GASTONY in
The Seduction
For adults only

MORIAH Tel. 242477

3rd week
TERENCE HILL and
BUD SEACER
in the amusing western
TURN THE OTHER CHEEK
In colour. Peris. 6.45, 9.00

ORDAN Tel. 663443

RITA TUSHNETHAM
OLIVER REED
in the great adventure film
THE TRAP
In colour

Ramat Gan Cinema

ARMON Tel. 720706

LENNY
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
7.15, 9.30

HADAR Tel. 723822

RICHARD JOHNSON
JULIET MILLS
BEYOND THE DOOR
Adults only
Mats. at 4.00
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
ARTISTS IN THE ARMY

LILI

ALAIN DELON
JEAN LOUIS TRINTIGNANT
FLIC STORY
7.15, 9.30
Mats. at 4: THE GREAT NIGHT OF RINGO

OASIS

5th week
OLINT EASTWOOD
THE EIGER SANCTION
Adults only
4.00, 7.00, 9.30

ORDEA Tel. 721720

2nd week
The sex-comedy of the year
Can You Keep It Up For a Week?
Adults only
7.15, 9.30

ORAH Tel. 664017

2nd week
BARBARA SERRISAND
AND JAMES CAAN
In the best musical
love story
FUNNY LADY
Owing to length of peris.
Sat., 6.30, 9.00
Week. 6.00, 8.45

ORION Tel. 523838

HAIFA PREMIERE
TONG LEE
in new karate film
THE IRON PROFLIGATE
In colour
From Friday
six nonstop peris.

ORLY Tel. 81868

8th week
Ingmar Bergman's
Impressive film
Scenes from a Marriage
Starring LIV ULLMAN
and BIBI ANDERSSON
Owing to length peris.
Saturday, 6.00, 8.15
Weekdays, 6.30, 8.30 SHARP
No complimentary tickets

PEER

JAMES CAAN
(The Godfather)
in an exciting film
full of suspense
THE GAMBLER
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

RON Tel. 669060

2nd week
JAMES MASON
SUSAN GEORGE
in
MANDINGO
Based on the best seller
by Kyle Oatley
Peris. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

SHAVIT

2nd week
GENE HACKMAN
starring in a great
suspense film
FRENCH CONNECTION II
In Colour
Peris. 6.45, 9.00

Petah Tikva

RAMA Tel. 721912

THE MIDNIGHT MAN
BURT LANCASTER
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN

After 7 successful weeks
at Kather Cinema, Tel Aviv:
RACE WITH THE DEVIL
PETER FONDA
WARREN OATES
Adults only
7.15, 9.30

SHALOM

2nd week
The Film of the Century
Weekdays and Sat. 7, 9.15
The Confessions Of A Window Cleaner
Adults only
Mats. at 8.30
TAMAR JUNG OF THE JUNGLE



New flagstone-faced villa added to the old one-room standard house as the hamula grew. (Below) Kindergarten contrasts with spanking new school building, condemned because the foundations proved unsafe.



Dr. Stollerman, formerly of Lutsk, Ukraine, receives at his clinic the village women dressed in the finery reserved for such occasions.



Dr. Elfrat, a pediatrician from Chernovits gives one of the village newcomers its first checkup at the maternity clinic. (Below) A village conveyance.



Planned amnesia

Moshe Kohn

NO ONE DENIES today that one of the blatant failures of the Zionist "founding fathers" was their success in educating several generations of young Jews, in Israel and elsewhere, to believe that the Jewish People in general and in Eretz Yisrael particularly had no history between the Bar-Kochba Revolt and the beginning of the modern Zionist endeavour.

When the surviving "fathers" saw the rotten fruits of this aspect of Zionist education and started taking measures to try and remedy their failure, in the 1950s and especially in the 1960s, they did so by introducing a programme of "Jewish consciousness" into our school curricula. But as so many teachers were themselves a product of this planned amnesia, the teaching of "Jewish consciousness" amounted to little more than people who themselves lacked and did not much believe in this "consciousness" teaching their children not how Jews live, but how the grandparents of some of them used to live. This is like trying to revive people who are dying of thirst by showing them movies of people enjoying themselves under waterfalls and drinking water to their hearts' content from an abundance of springs.

In the last year or two we have been hearing of further efforts by the Education and Culture Ministry and the relevant departments of the World Zionist Organization and the Jewish Agency to restore to our children the sense of 4,000 years of Jewish continuity and of the unbroken history of the Jewish People in its homeland, Eretz Yisrael. They are ranging wide in their efforts, but it is not yet clear how deep. What is clear is that one of the most original efforts in this area is entirely a product of private initiative which, having been carried out, now has enthusiastic moral and material support from the Foreign Ministry's Information Department.

THIS EFFORT is a handsomely produced 98-page booklet, *The Forgotten Generations*, edited by archaeologist Dan Bahat and published by The Israel Economist (P.O.B. 7052, Jerusalem 91 070). The "forgotten generations," of course, are the generations of Jewish life in Eretz Yisrael in the centuries that were erased from Zionist historiography — the centuries between the Bar-Kochba Revolt and the so-called "First Aliya" nearly 100 years ago.

The booklet is divided into 31 sections, one to each century from the 1st century C.E. to the 20th, each containing concise texts and relevant illustrations (colour and black-and-white), maps and diagrams outlining the unbroken connection of the Jews with Eretz Yisrael that is succinctly summarized in the "Conclusion" section.

Not only I, but also one of Israel's outstanding archaeologist-historians was astonished to see the map on page 30 listing Jewish communities in the Eretz Yisrael from the 9th century — a map unexpectedly showing extremely dense Jewish settlement in Galilee, a small but substantial number of communities in Transjordan and the Golan, and a large number of

communities in parts of Judea, Samaria and the centre of today's Israel — areas that in recent generations had acquired the reputation of "purely Arab" areas where Jews had not lived since Biblical times, at any rate not since the Destruction.

Read what Antoninus Martyr, a Christian who visited this country apparently at the end of the sixth century, wrote about Nazareth six centuries after that Jewish community had ostensibly gained eternal damnation on itself for having driven Jesus out:

"Nazareth! So great is the beauty of the Jewish women in the town that you will not find more beautiful women among the Jews in the length and breadth of this Land."

One has the impression that the Temple Mount, where the Dome of the Rock and the Al-Aksa Mosque stand, has been an Arab-Muslim possession almost since the beginning of time. But when the Caliph Omar Ibn al-Khattab conquered the country in 638, he appointed the Jews the guardians of the Temple Mount in return for the aid they had given the conquering army against the army of the Byzantine occupiers, who had started persecuting the Jews after at first "protecting" them.

In 748 an earthquake in Galilee destroyed 80 synagogues in Tiberias.

During the Crusades in the 11th century, Albert of Aachen wrote in his "Book of Travels," the Jews of Haifa "defended (the city) with great courage, to the shame and embarrassment of the Christians."

THE GAZA STRIP, which is considered a "natural" part of any "Palestinian state" that is to be set up or of any territorial "return to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan": In 1015 a Jew from Rafah (Rafah) living in Egypt wrote a letter home which begins: "To our beloved Rabbi Solomon the Judge and the elders and the rest of the holy community who dwell in Rafah, may God preserve them..."

The year 1211 brought 800 rabbis

Berl's letters

IGROT B. KATZNELSON 1921-1930 (Berl Katznelson's Letters, Vol. 5). Edited and annotated by Yehuda Brez. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 304 pp.

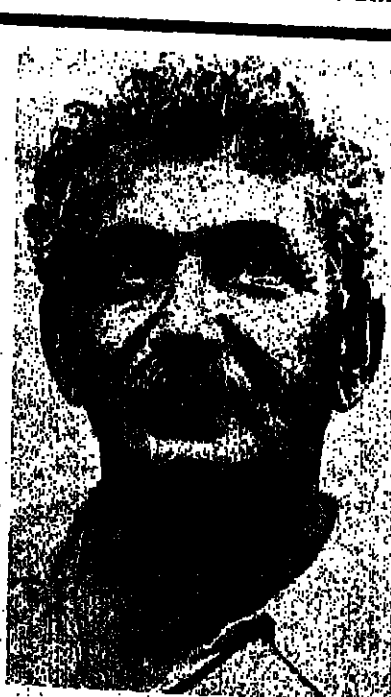
Stephen Weinstein

BERL KATZNELSON, the generally recognized spiritual father of the Zionist Labour movement, was not a public figure of the sort who conduct their correspondence with an eye for posterity, taking care to present their own picture of events. His letters, are, for the most part, matter-of-fact reports on the various missions he performed for the Labour Zionist movement and communications connected with these missions, with limited references to personal reflections. Thus, the volume under review is likely to disappoint readers expecting to find in it revelations about

the major happenings in Zionist life or about Katznelson himself in the decade it covers.

The first section contains letters written during Katznelson's sojourn in the U.S. from November 1921 to June 1922 on behalf of the Workers' Bank (Bank Hapo'alim). In this period Katznelson also kept a journal, written in the same style as his letters. He was impressed by the enthusiasm of some of the individuals he met in his exhausting cross-country campaign, but he was disappointed by the lack of organization on behalf of the Yishuv (the organized Jewish community in Eretz Yisrael) among the American Jewish workers' community, especially in New York, which was preoccupied by internal bickering.

The period 1922-1924 is covered by a small number of letters on miscellaneous prosaic matters. The third section (1925-1929) details technical aspects of Katznelson's work as first editor of "Davar." In the last, and most interesting, section (1930), Katznelson is again abroad, attending conferences and public meetings throughout Europe and participating, often reluctantly, in the seemingly endless internal debates within the Zionist camp regarding the appropriate response to the Passfield White Paper of 1930.



KATZNELSON, always worrying whether he was expressing himself clearly, never felt completely comfortable appearing

before a public, although he usually made a favourable impression on the audience. And although he was willing to travel whenever necessary, he clearly preferred to remain at home.

The editorial notes, occupying about one third of the space, are kept in more reasonable bounds than in the previous volumes, edited by Yehuda Sharett. Nevertheless, the notes by Brez, while often providing necessary background material, sometimes elaborate on rather minor issues while leaving other matters unexplained.

The 11 volumes of Katznelson's collected writings remain the best source for understanding the man and his ideas, many of which still have something to say to the contemporary reader. Indeed, the fact that he expressed himself so articulately and extensively in his many articles may explain why Katznelson apparently felt no need to do so in his correspondence. It is to be hoped that when the publication of his letters is finally completed, they will serve as the basis for an authoritative biography dealing with the meaning and impact of his life and teachings.

have made a desert of it where it is scarcely possible to walk without fear. Even the Arabs who dwell there do so as temporary sojourners. They set their tents wherever there is pasture and seek refuge in the ruins of the towns. They did not create anything as they were in truth strangers, not masters of the Land. The spirit of the desert, which had brought them thither, could in the same fashion take them away again and leave nothing behind. God Who gave the Land of Israel to so many peoples did not permit one of them to settle and put down roots — undoubtedly He has preserved it for the People of Israel, for her unborn sons, those who would in the fullness of days be the meek ones of whom it was said that they would inherit the earth."

This is only one example of many non-Jewish visitors to this land who over the centuries described its emptiness and told how its non-Jewish inhabitants treated it merely as a battleground or a way station, but not as a homeland.

I understand that the Foreign Ministry has bought up the entire first printing of 10,000 copies of "The Forgotten Generations," for distribution abroad. A second printing is now being made, and it will soon be on sale at Steinitzky's book stores. The publisher now also has German, French and Spanish editions in the works. I should like to assume that the Education and Culture Ministry is about to order a printing of tens of thousands of copies in Hebrew, in cooperation, perhaps, with the Zionist Council in Israel. Perhaps the World Zionist Organization's Organization and Information Department, too, some of whose emissaries abroad have done such a fine job of explaining, to Jews and non-Jews alike, the case for a Palestinian Arab state and the shortcomings of Israeli society, will order many thousands of copies of "The Forgotten Generations," as the beginning of an attempt to explain to its citizens the Jewish People's case for a homeland in its homeland, Eretz Yisrael.

Wilson's view

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY by Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson, 1880, released by Ariel Publishing Co., Jerusalem. 120 pp.

ALBUM OF PICTURES: For a Journey with Children in the Holy Land, 1849, released by Carta Ltd., Jerusalem.

Leah Abramowitz

SUDDENLY a rash of reproductions of books, reports, drawings, maps and engravings produced by 19th-century visitors to Eretz Yisrael has begun to appear. Of course, almost every Englishman — and other Europeans — who set foot in the "Holy Land" felt compelled to write about it — and at length. According to one source, more than 1,600 European pilgrims and explorers who visited Eretz Yisrael between 1800 and 1870 wrote at least two to three volumes each about their experiences. Since most stayed in Jerusalem for shorter or longer periods, we can safely assume there are 5,000 books around containing descriptions of the wonders of 19th-century Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem, the Holy City" is like a pearl amidst the dross of mediocre to bad specimens of such literature. It is a beautiful art book containing some 75 exquisitely executed steel and woodcut engravings which depict Jerusalem of 100 years ago. Generally one is amazed that things have changed so little inside the city walls. However, Robinson's Arch is very different today and Mount Zion is almost unrecognizable, and the sketches

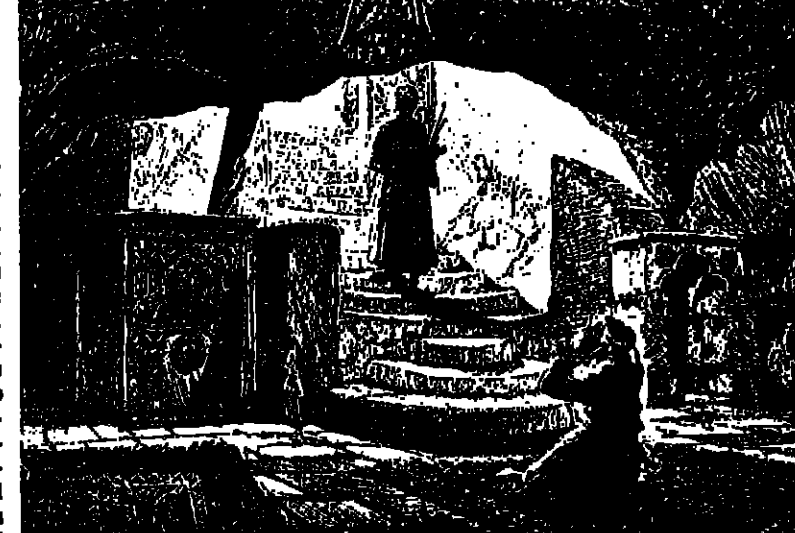
of the vast open fields outside Jaffa Gate and of views from the hills around the city remind us how much human endeavour has accomplished in just one century.

Charles Wilson was one of the pioneer archaeologists of Jerusalem. His survey of the city in 1864-65 became the basis of all modern scientific explorations in Eretz Yisrael, and the famous giant arch to the left of the Western Wall is named after him (because he was the first to explore it, even though the Swiss Titus Tobler was the first to describe it, in 1848). The text accompanying the pictures is accordingly scholarly and, unfortunately, dry, with masses of historical and archaeological references that show us how well-versed Wilson was on the subject of ancient Jerusalem.

Occasional excursions bring relief from the text-book style. One outstanding example is the portrayal of the Holy Fire Ceremony in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Sunday by Dean Stanley. Another is Wilson's own surprisingly vivid description of the early-morning fruit and vegetable market:

"The butchers call out loudly, 'Oh every one that hath money, let him come and buy!' and 'Oh, such a one, come and buy.' The cry of the sellers of fruit appears to be more disinterested for they often say to a passer-by, 'Take of our fruit without money and without price!' but immediately afterwards they will ask him an exorbitant sum for it."

HOW DIFFERENT Wilson appears from his successor and colleague, Charles Warren, a



The cave in the Dome of the Rock from Wilson's "Picturesque Palestine."

rash, brash character, who took unbelievable risks in exploring the Temple Mount area and seemed to enjoy getting into trouble with the Turkish authorities. Warren's constant wrangling with the Pasha and the final show down are classic. His adventures descending into shafts always in danger of caving in, or travelling by raft along uncharted underground canals full of mud and water, are cases in point.

Wilson, in contrast, although only 28 years old at the beginning of his survey in Jerusalem, was always prim and proper. According to his friend and biographer, Charles M. Watson, Wilson made friends with the Ismet Pasha, with the other Europeans then in Eretz Yisrael, and, most important, with the Sheikh of the Holy Places "whose family had held the right of guardianship (of the Haram area) since the time that Saladin recaptured Jerusalem from the Crusaders in the twelfth century."

Thus Wilson was permitted to work without disturbance wherever he wanted. "I find much less difficulty than I expected in getting about to different places and from working quietly at first, have established a sort of right to go wherever I like and the inhabitants are now quite accustomed to see my head suddenly appearing out of wells and cisterns..."

IN KEEPING with his professionalism, Wilson gives us his theories about where the ancient city walls and gates were. He describes the types of graves and tombs one finds all around Jerusalem and discusses their historical significance. He waxes enthusiastic over the complex and

extremely sophisticated water-works, cisterns, pools, wells and aqueducts: "The whole work is a remarkable specimen of ancient engineering skill, and the labour bestowed on details excites the admiration of travellers."

Unlike other European scientists of his century, Wilson never ridicules Moslem traditions and customs, nor does he sneer at the theories and findings of other explorers.

Regarding the Jewish population which he found in Jerusalem, he clearly prefers the Sephardim over the Ashkenazim, being "fairly industrious and honest... far superior in culture and manners." He writes that the Ashkenazim are divided into two sects, "Perashim (Pharisees) and Khasidim (Caballists)... The former accept the Talmud whilst the latter believe also in the oral tradition and the transmission of souls, study the Cabala and in their religious worship sometimes run into wild excess."

He also goes into detail about the Christian communities and their main centres in his day.

The book's main attraction is the lovely engravings, and actually it is they that tell us more than Wilson's words about 19th-century Jerusalem.

THE "ALBUM OF PICTURES" is a reproduction of an 1849 Russian work. It is also quite interesting for the scenes depicted in it. The art work is less attractive, somewhat more stilted and there is no text at all, barely a title under each picture to identify the views. No word on the artist is included, nor any explanation why, of all the 5,000 volumes available, the publishers decided to release precisely this work. Carta, generally known for its beautifully produced maps and books, can — and no doubt will again — do better.

Wonder World

BORNE ON THE WIND — The Extraordinary World of Insects in Flight, by Stephen Dalton. Chatto & Windus, London. 160 pp. £8.00.

Hadassah Gillon

THIS EXTRAORDINARY book is the product of Stephen Dalton developing three interests at the age of seven, which have continued to dominate his life ever since: insects, flight, and photography. The volume contains unique coloured shots, in a series, almost like the frames of a motion picture of insects taking off, flying, and landing: the text reviews not only the habits of Mr. Dalton's protagonists, but also analyses the aerodynamics of their flight.

Many studies have been made for centuries of the flight of birds, from Daedalus through Leonardo da Vinci to our own day, yet nobody, Dalton points out, has tried to learn from insects, although they were the first creatures on earth to take to the air. They were flying long before birds and bats, though it may have taken more than 100 m. years for them to become truly airborne: their success as flying creatures has contributed to their survival.

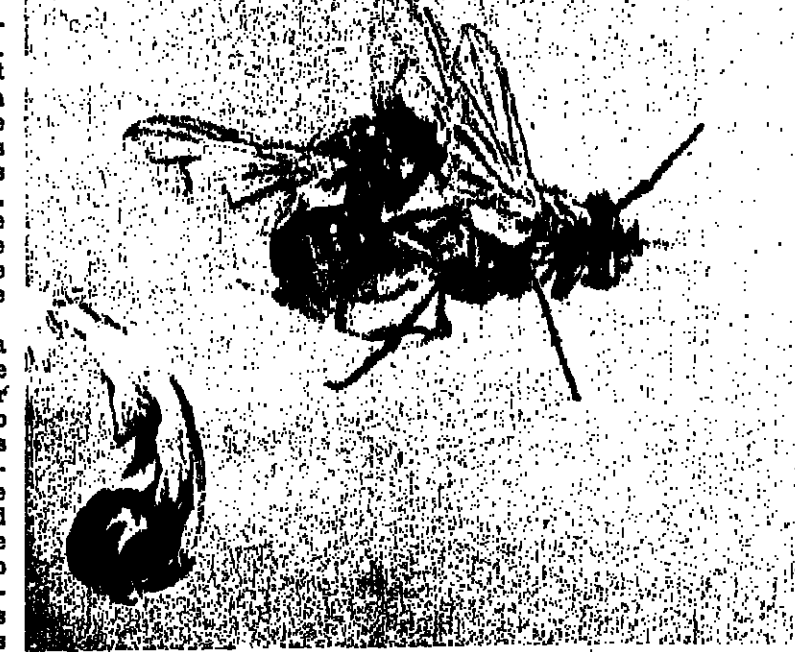
The supreme manoeuvrability of many insects cannot be explained in terms of simple aerodynamics, Dalton claims. They differ from birds in that "the wing surfaces, whether of the bee,

the dragonfly or other flying insects, have no muscular surfaces. They are merely super-efficient dynamic surfaces controlled from the thorax of the insect. The thorax is where the power comes from, the only power. The wings of birds are modified forelimbs, and so have a muscular structure of their own; insect wings have none whatever." As a result, the flight characteristics are quite different from those of birds.

The insect is more like a helicopter than a plane. A plane relies on the forward thrust of air flowing over its wing surfaces to produce lift. The insect uses movement of its wings; these oscillate, but in some ways can be compared to the power provided by the rotating propeller of the helicopter. An insect may have to beat its wings 1,000 times per second to remain airborne: bees have to land after only 15 minutes to replenish their energy sources with nectar.

There are two types of insects, those who get their energy from proteins, and those who get it from carbohydrates. Although fat serves as fuel for the majority of insects, butterflies and moths, for instance, feed on nectar, which they have to convert into fat for storage, while bees and flies use carbohydrates directly in the form of sugars.

To photograph these wonders, Dalton experimented with cameras. No camera available on the market was fast enough for his purposes. He managed to enlist



One of Stephen Dalton's superb photographs: houseflies mating in flight.

the help of Ron Perkins, of the Central Unit of Scientific Photography of the R.A.F. Perkins decided that the R.A.F. could not afford to invest in the experiments, but he agreed to do so personally in his spare time. They devised a multi-flash camera taking three images on the same frame.

The normal camera has a flash of about 1/20th of a second. They developed an electronic shutter with an opening time of 1/400th of a second. The insect flying through

a mirrored beam triggers the camera. He is still trying to do better.

The result of these activities is many thousands of wonderful photographs of bees, ladybirds, butterflies, dragon-flies and other less exotic creatures taking off, landing, making love, flying. Dalton's book, written in an elegant prose embellished with quotations from poets and thinkers, will fascinate everyone interested in any of his three great passions.

Seen it all

THE CARFITT CRISIS and Two Other Stories by J. B. Priestley, Heinemann, London, 195 pp., £2.80.

Aviva Even-Paz

WHERE IS the Priestley of yesterday? Perhaps a writer can't stop writing, just like a tap can't stop dripping, but something ought to be done about Priestley, whom we all loved and admired in his heyday — "The Good Companions," "Angel Pavement," "Bright Day," "Daylight on Saturday" — I imagine to many people these books corresponded to key periods of their own lives.

Priestley, of course, was always an uneven writer. Sometimes outrageously sentimental, flogging his time-themes, his revulsion against the rat-race of the technocrat society, but a natural storyteller with plenty of wit and enough disregard of the conventions to keep the reader going.

I found "The Carfitt Crisis" very heavy going. "Underground," the second story, is a warmed-over version of one of Priestley's pet gimmicks. The last story, "The Pavillon of Masks," is so truly awful that only a stern sense of duty pushed me on to the bitter end. All three centre on the effect of time on our lives. But just like the aging actress who is always making just one last final appearance, we have seen it all before and better. The effect of time on Priestley is all too evident.

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Contorted commune

THE FLAME OF LIFE by Alan Silitoe, W.H. Allen, London, 299 pp.

Aviva Even-Paz

BASICALLY a romantic, Alan Silitoe's major problem, which he tries to work out in his books, is how to live a life demanding physical and moral courage, ingenuity and imagination, in the relatively placid and orderly England of today. This is the theme he began to explore in "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," with its anti-hero hating the routine of factory work and marriage, and yet in the end being trapped by it.

"The Flame of Life" is the last of the trilogy which started with "The Death of William Posters" followed by "The Tree of Life." The three books chronicle the life and times of the Handley family, headed by Albert the brilliant and now successful artist, a sort of poor man's Augustus John, who has set up a miniature commune in the wilds of the Home Counties. Living in the commune also are Enid, Handley's wife and their seven children; one son-in-law; a friend, Frank Dawley, who tried to save his soul gun-running for the F.L.N. in Algeria; Dawley's wife Nancy and their two children. Dawley also succeeds in bringing his Jewish mistress Myra and their child into the commune without Nancy knowing about the relationship until late in the day. All this, plus two Spanish au-pair girls. A nice, rich brew.

But somehow the commune has gone wrong. "There wasn't much work to do, maybe that was the trouble. There were more willing hands than necessary, as well as dishwashers, vacuum cleaners, washing machines: a fully automated house run by as many people as if there were no gadgets at all. It was Handley's little plaything of a community, the modern doll's house of the selfish man complete with furniture and more people to play around with."

The central character of "The Flame of Life" is Cuthbert, Handley's eldest son, who is a failed priest. Not unnaturally he loathes the commune and thinks his father a phoney. The book is mainly concerned with his efforts to cause as much trouble as possible—which is not difficult, considering the circumstances. There is a decided note of melodrama when the girlfriend of Dawley's dead comrade in Algeria arrives in the commune with the covert intention of killing Dawley, who, she believes, enticed her lover to his death. There is a great deal about this and the dead comrade's notebooks which they all hope and believe will provide a sign-post to their future. But the notebooks turn out to be quite different from their expectations, to put it mildly.

There is also interestingly enough a very sardonic look at the woman's view of this whole set-up which may please women's libbers immensely. Just like everywhere else, not much has changed for the females. The men continue doing their own thing (which is often nothing very much) and the women garden, cook, clean and look after the children in time-honoured fashion. Frank's wife, who although uneducated, is no fool, leaves all this and remarries. Enid, Handley's wife, fed up with his neglect and selfishness, also leaves with a much younger man. (Despite her seven children, she never develops a potbelly or varicose veins.) Cuthbert finds happiness with the would-be murderess, and Frank and Myra get married. So everybody presumably gets his just deserts. And Frank, who is the real hero of the trilogy, perceives at last that raising and supporting a family is the true work of man. Interestingly, one of Handley's sons goes to live in a kibbutz "close to the Syrian border," learns Hebrew, marries one of the members, and stays in Israel.

I admire Silitoe because he has the guts to tear out his heart on paper and is not afraid of appearing ridiculous. One thing he proves, perhaps unwittingly, is that communes will not survive unless there is an external objective reason for their existence.



Author Alan Silitoe: a romantic.

Corrupt crustacean

THE VOICE OF THE CRAB by Geraldine Halls. Constable & Co., London, 175 pp. £2.00.

Simson Carlebach

THE FIRST paragraph in this short and elegant novel ends with the sentence:

"Two scarlet hibiscus flowers, freshly picked from the hospital garden, decorated his hair, and in the black and yellow fibre bands on his upper arms sprigs of aromatic herbs nodded gracefully, giving a fantastic, feathery appearance to the long shadow that he cast before him on the sand."

These sinuous, shifting rhythms add to a masterly display of tense drama, a tableau lyrical and expressive, which incites the imagination as well as the interest. Geraldine Halls writes beautifully indeed.

She is highly regarded for a trilogy of novels about Thailand and India, which are ranked alongside some of the works of E.M. Forster. She has also written good thrillers under the name of Charlotte Jay. In her new novel, she enters the South-Pacific islands territory of Somerset Maugham. Many of his characters are still around: the bitter British District Officer, the drunken, noble-hearted doctor, the frustrated couples, the coarse traders, all seeing too much — or too little — of each other, as the case may be. Ms. Halls ventures out on her own, however, when it comes to the effects of these entanglements on the natives and their primitive customs.

Anthropologically, she views native customs and rituals not as a stable and ordering element of primitive society; rather as a constantly growing and changing organic system which creates life out of boredom, meaning out of chaos. The white man's travesty is the disruption of these regenerative patterns from their self-contained progression — literally, a severing of the natives from their essential connections with the reality around them.

Watches disappear from white men's houses, an old chief lies in a smoke-filled hut willing himself to death, in the past a girl has been raped (to the natives, the most horrendous of crimes) and murdered, and it's all tied together by a "criminal" native receiving oracular messages from a crab. Ms. Halls spins the web of mysteries softly, with penetrating insight, and a remarkable command of narrative technique.

Correction

In Abraham S. Hyman's review of "From the Diaries of Felix Frankfurter" (Jerusalem Post Magazine of Jan. 2), the following editorial and printing errors occurred:

It was said that Frankfurter had a "low estimate of Robert Taft as a leader." The reviewer was actually referring to President William Howard Taft.

It was said that Frankfurter's diary contains "notes of tensions and conflicts with the court." The notes were of tensions and conflicts "within" the court.

As a result of two lines of a column being out of place there are several phrases which were garbled. The portions involved should read:

Judge Julian Mack is a man "through whom experience passes without stopping"; and Richard Casey, British Minister of State for the Middle East, was innocent of any knowledge of Eretz Yisrael and of Jewish history.

With these portions transferred to their proper place, the third garbled phrase will be corrected and will read: "Lash's own explanation for Frankfurter's conservatism is that as an immigrant Jew... Frankfurter felt he had to act circumspectly."

THAT'S THE TICKET

Ephraim Kishon

THE WAY everybody's got some foible, ours is that we can't turn off soccer. The spirit is willing, that is, but the flesh is weakly glued to "Mabat Sport" and its ilk, and we can never bring ourselves to switch the TV button before the final whistle. The hand simply boggles, just like with those dope addicts on t'other "Mabat."

We don't care if it's the cup replay between Arsenal and Tottenham, or the giants' contest between Ramatayim Hakoach and Savyon Hapoel — it's all the same to us: as long as there's kicking on the box we can't flick that switch. We're not just passive bystanders either, oh no, we encourage the boys with hoarse shouts, and whenever inside-forward Victor (go-go-go) Falafel scores a goal with one tremendous scissor-kick, we leap to our feet at home and yell: "Attahoy!"

Still, our own emotional turbulence is as nothing compared to the feelings that sway Victor (go-go-go) Falafel in this, the happiest moments of his life. The man drops slowly to his knees, raises his wiry hands to heaven as much as to say — "We did it again, you and I!" — and his red eyes run with tears of bliss. Next his teammates rush up and scramble all over him till he almost goes went, and there follows a terrific hugging and kissing and mooching melee, while they play Beethoven's Ninth in the background, Glory, Hallelujah.... And that's what gets us.

THIS WRITER can in all humility boast of having countless achievements to his name: we won consolation prizes in this and that art, got married again and again, received a personal letter from Golda — yet for all that we can't for the life of us recall ever having experienced such pure ecstasy as that which grips Victor

justice. In other words, every time a player trips up his fellow at the goal-line, half the world gets up and yells bastard-go-home while pelting him with stones, bottles, and other household utensils; yet the very same audience won't lift a finger when the reader is hacked to bits on racial grounds in the middle of Dizengoff Square.

Again, the moment Victor (go-go-go) Falafel hurts his big toe he will stretch out flat on the grass like a moribund frog, and at once a bevy of doctors, trainers and masseurs comes and bends solicitously over his toes, and even the errant player whose foul it is will touch his back lightly as if to say, "I love you, Falafel." If, on the other hand, one of us plain citizens gets banged on the head till there's no more kick left in us, you can bet your life no one will bend over us and we can turn up our toes for all anyone cares....

Ergo, we should make the world into a football field.

REALLY, it does a man good just to contemplate those messianic days when the rules of football shall apply to everyday life. Think of it: the moment anyone offends against the law, up pops a black-clad judge and restores order with a blow of his whistle. We'd like to see referees sitting in our restaurants, promenading our promenades, and trotting beside our buses. In fact, it may well be the only way to stop this wave of violence. We actually look forward to the day when Rowdy will hit us a sock in the eye again as we queue up for a movie, and just as he's telling us to bugger-off-you we'll hear the whistle of the duty-judge, who'll hold up a yellow ticket in Rowdy's face and tell him: "Next time I'll suspend you for a month!"

Yes, indeed. The protection racketeers will get a red ticket waved before their eyes, and as for the burning-tower crowd — a straight penalty-kick to them.

Maybe we should give it a sporting chance, because for the moment at least we see no other solution.

Translated by Miriam Arad
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

TREES

WE'RE GOING OUT ON A LIMB WITH THIS ONE, BUT WE FEEL A CERTAIN "ELAN" HERE AT THE DRY BONES STUDIOS, 'CAUSE TOMORROW'S TU B'SHVAT, THE NEW YEAR OF THE

MOTTO OF THE J.N.F. ...

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TREE TREE AGAIN!"

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TREES A GROVE.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON

TREE PUZZLES

1. SO YOU DON'T EAT STEAK, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS...

2. PAT MOVAHAN'S WORDS ARE SHEER...

3. WE'VE RAISED BUREAUCRACY TO A LEVEL OF TRUE...

ANS: 1. BARK TREE 2. FERT TREE 3. LULL TREE

CEREMONIAL TREE PLANTINGS FOR TU B'SHVAT...

THE CHIEF RABBINATE

EGGED

THE POLICE

NIKUI ROSH

URI GELLER

THE TREASURY

ELAL



Michael Avishai, chief university gardener and director of the Botanical Garden, examines plant in South Sinai section of garden.

(Werner Braun)

COMPLETEAT GARDEN

Neither war, politics nor campus classroom planners could prevent Hebrew University botanists from assembling a complete living museum of the country's topography, ABRAHAM RABINOVICH writes.

REGARDLESS OF WHAT political settlement the future may bring, Israelis can be assured that Jerusalem will continue to hold fast to a strip of territory ranging from the sands of southern Sinai to the limestone outcroppings of Mount Hermon.

The territory, totalling seven acres, lies within the Botanical Garden of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus. Here scientists have assembled groupings of rock, soil and flora from the administered territories and from Israel proper to create small regional replicas. Already, Israelis nostalgic for the oil-rich sands of Abu Rodels returned to Egypt a month ago under the interim agreement can find a geographical representation of the region on Mount Scopus.

While the primary purpose of the garden is to show how Israel's plant communities change as they progress towards the northern mountain and southern desert, university botanists concede that political considerations were also in their minds when they decided to create a miniature Sinai, Golan and West Bank.

"We want these plants to be accessible; and that means we have to consider the political possibilities," says the director of the Botanical Garden, Michael Avishai, who led some of the plant gathering expeditions.

Says Botany Department Chairman Prof. Abraham Fahn: "To understand the vegetation in 'little Israel,' it's important to know how it changes as it crosses the border. Of course, the garden will

be helpful for teaching purposes if one day we have to give this territory up."

Following the signing of the interim agreement with Egypt last spring, university botanists rushed off to the Hermon on an emergency plant-gathering expedition for fear that a similar pullback agreement might be imminent on the Syrian front. Working in front line areas opposite Patahand, they were protected by army details.

Israelis are experienced in transplanting exotic plants and trees from lands which are or may become forbidden. Seedlings smuggled out of Iraq in the early 1950s are today flourishing date palms in the Arava. In 1981, the founder of the Scopus Botanical Garden, Prof. Alexander Hlg, and two colleagues smuggled some 80 Cedar of Lebanon seedlings from the mountains of Lebanon through the Rosh Hanikra border control post. (The mandatory authorities forbade the import of seedlings without quarantine.) The 80 cm.-long seedlings were wrapped in newspaper and passed off as dried plant specimens. Together with trees which grew out of pine seeds Hlg brought in at the same time, the seedlings account for the bulk of the 135 cedars growing in the garden. (The rest were acquired from a JNF nursery.) The grove is today one of the largest outside Lebanon and neighbouring Turkey say university botanists. The trees stand 5-8 metres high and may grow to 40 metres during the course of the next few hundred years.

The history of the Scopus garden site is less a gentle chronicle of flowering plants than an epic and often bloody adventure story. Here, overlooking the walls of the Old City, Roman Legions camped 1,800 years ago before swooping down to destroy Jerusalem. The Crusaders more or less repeated the exercise 1,000 years later. In 1925, the Hebrew University was founded on the otherwise barren hill, changing it from a springboard to destruction into a major focus for development in the backward land.

Prof. Hlg, the first chairman of the Botany Department, founded the garden six years later. It was not the kind of botanical garden which had been traditional in the Western world for 300-400 years — one organized along the line of plant families with all oaks and chestnuts together and all roses together. According to Avishai, Hlg was one of the fathers of the plant community concept in which the garden is organized according to groupings of plants found together in nature in different geographical and climatic conditions.

Hlg located the garden because of its proximity to the university buildings. It was "a dream site" from a botanical point of view, says Avishai, because of its location on the ridge which marks the boundary between the cultivated four plant life zones — the Mediterranean, the steppe, the arid and the tropical — and represents a sort of geographical average for all these zones.

DURING THE WAR of Independence, Mount Scopus was cut off from the rest of Jewish Jerusalem. It was to remain an Israeli enclave a kilometre behind Jordanian lines for 10 years, its garrison being rotated via fortnightly convoys under UN protection. In 1958, four Israelis were killed by Jordanian fire as they passed through the garden. A UN colonel from Ireland who attempted to reach them under a cease-fire arrangement also fell dead among Prof. Hlg's plants.

Nevertheless, university botanists returning to the hill after the Six Day War found the garden in surprisingly good shape. This was in part because the changing garrisons over the two decades had generally included moshavnikim or kibbutznikim on reserve duty who took the trouble to water the plants and trees. While some growth was found to be stunted, the only section completely lost was that for aquatic plants from the Jordan River.

The Botanical Garden was turned into a fortified zone. Trenches were cut through it and flower beds on the fringe replanted with mines. In a sunken forecourt to an ancient cave, mortar positions were set up. The cave held the bones of Nicanor, who is mentioned in the Talmud as having Temple. Today the cave holds the graves of Zionist leaders Menahem Ussishkin and Leon Pinsker.)

In the enthusiasm of rebuilding the Scopus campus after 1967,

there was pressure within the university to cover over the garden site with new buildings. This was finally rejected and the botanists under Prof. Fahn's direction set to work extending Hlg's idea of geographical groupings to include the areas captured in the war.

TO RECREATE the Hermon, two hillocks were built and planted with sub-alpine vegetation. Between the hillocks a shallow depression was created to simulate those carved on the Hermon's slopes by pockets of melting snow eroding limestone. The "Hermon" fittingly abuts the Cedars of Lebanon section.

Aside from its interest to the general public, "there wasn't anybody in the country in 1967 over 5 years old who hadn't visited the garden," says Prof. Fahn. The garden is a research instrument of the first order and an important teaching tool. In addition, says Avishai, protected plants such as peonies and irises endangered in their native habitat by the encroachment of civilization could be propagated in the garden in large numbers and transplanted in the countryside.

The garden will provide an example for landscape architects in creating handsome ground cover using native plants requiring no outlay for irrigation. Avishai says there is more direct commercial application in propagating species for export ("Our native vegetation is very rich in spiced plants, probably richer than France or Italy.") and in developing harder rootstocks for roses and other flowers which likewise have a solid export potential.

THE GARDEN is still unfinished. Additional plant specimens and soil have to be brought from the Golan and Manjo Adumim, and the Jordan River section has to be recreated, complete with ponds. Neither are there proper paths or explanatory signs. The botanists are looking for \$100,000 to complete the job and say they could within a year of getting the money.

Although the garden is closed to the general public, an invited guest can already make his way from Mount Hermon to Mount Sinai in seven-league boots along the top of Mount Scopus. (The effect is diminished by the ring road circling the top of Mount Scopus which cuts through the garden at its northern end, separating the cedars and "Mount Hermon" from the rest of the plantings.)

In the section representing the most desolate region of all — south Sinai — gardener Meir Chaouat recently broke a twig from a plant and let a visitor sniff its powerful and attractive scent. "The most aromatic plants in the country are from south Sinai," he said. A Beduin explained why to Chaouat when he was in Sinai gathering plants and rocks. God, according to Beduin legend, originally planned to give his law to the Jews in the sandy wastes of northern Sinai. The angels, however, protested that this was too plain a setting for such a momentous act. God then shifted the site to the imposing mountains of south Sinai. But something was still missing. Then, as God spoke, the rocks burst forth with sweet smelling plants.

If Israelis find themselves cut off again from Mount Sinai, they will still be able to contemplate that awesome chapter in their history by simply taking a 15-minute bus ride from the centre of Jerusalem to the top of Mount Scopus, armed with a sense of history and a bit of imagination.

Bypassing the 'rampists'

EVERYBODY'S talking or writing about it, and there is no way your marketing columnist can ignore the subject any longer. It's the business of wholesale and retail markets, the so-called "rampists" and the protection rackets, and how they supposedly affect the prices of vegetables and fruits we buy.

Over the past two weeks, I've had coffee and conversation with seemingly endless partners to the controversy — the Consumer Council, the Tel Aviv wholesalers and their Chamber of Commerce, the Ministry of Agriculture, the separate marketing boards for Fruits and for Vegetables, the Fruit Growers Association, supermarket buyers, and others.

Somewhere along the line of cups of coffee, it occurred to me as curious that none of these produce-promotion officers offers its visitors a glass of fresh juice or a bowl of tempting fruits — it would be an ideal public relations gesture.

Since my interest in the subject is from the viewpoint of the consumer, primarily the housewife, I shall try to present the outlines of the controversy and then suggest what the consumer can do to help herself and perhaps influence the market situation.

The driving force behind the "price gap" controversy is Moshe Shahal, Knesset Member (Labour), Chairman of the Israel Consumer Council (the governmental roof organization for other consumer groups), and a Hafia lawyer. He is a good-looking young man, born in Iraq, and educated in Israel, with a degree in economics as well as law. His opponents argue that his motives in the controversy are "political" — that he wants to make a name for himself in politics. I do not consider this, even if true, a disqualifying motivation, if it has roused public attention to a real problem of far-reaching public concern.

In a recent statement to the Knesset, Mr. Shahal stated that "in Israel today, the Israeli consumer pays for vegetables 10 and 15 times the price which the farmer receives." This would mean, for instance, that if we are charged IL2 a kilo for the long, dark cucumbers which are grown in hothouses at this time of year, the farmer is getting a mere 60 agorot a kilo, or less. If I can believe the official Vegetable Production and Marketing Board figures, the farmer is getting something like IL2 a kilo for these cucumbers, and his growing costs are high. We are paying around IL2.50 for them in the open-air markets, around IL5 in supermarket, and IL6 or more at private greengrocers — but not IL2 a kilo. It is difficult to get a clear picture of the prices at various stages of the market route.

SHAHAL'S MOST publicized contention is that the wholesale produce markets have fallen under the influence of what are commonly termed "rampists." The name derives from the ramps in front of the wholesale warehouses. Most of the commercial transactions take place on these ramps.

According to Mr. Shahal, rampists are men who hang around the wholesale markets, on the ramps, and corner the market in produce which is in short supply (because of the season, or temporary weather conditions), in order to force up its price and make quick profits for themselves, and for the wholesalers, who, he claims, cooperate with them. In Mr. Shahal's words, these rampists "put their hand" on a consignment of produce in order to freeze its sale for several hours, and afterwards release this produce for sale, at inflated prices.

Mr. Shahal claims that there are 15 rampists working actively today in the Tel Aviv wholesale produce market — the largest in the country, through which some 70 per cent of the nation's fruits and vegetables pass. This centralization of produce sales in Tel Aviv, by the way, is another of Mr. Shahal's complaints — on the obvious grounds that it adds unnecessary transport and handling costs to send so much produce into Tel Aviv and then back out again to other parts of the country.

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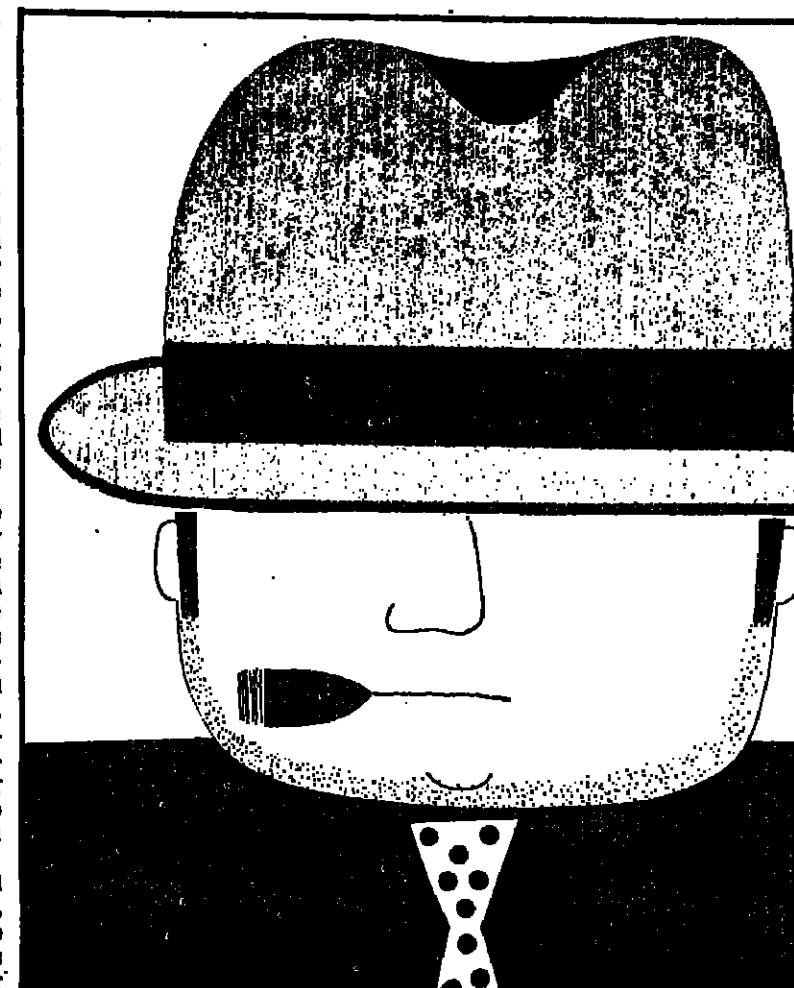
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In the large, but antiquated and over-crowded Tel Aviv market, there are some 80 licensed private wholesalers, plus Tnuva, which is the giant cooperative marketing arm of the growers themselves. Tnuva handles the marketing of some 70 per cent of the fruits in the country, and an average 40 per cent of the vegetables. Tnuva takes a marketing commission from the farmers of only 7 1/4 per cent on fruits, but 12 per cent on vegetables. The private wholesalers take a 12 per cent commission on both vegetables and fruits.

I MET WITH a representative of the Tel Aviv private wholesalers, Mr. Shlomo Stok (whose firm is "Neshirim") at the offices of the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Chamber of Commerce, together with Mr. Ya'akov Feiner, who heads the Chamber's Department of Imports, Marketing and Economics. Contrary to their popular image today, the wholesalers do not give the impression of being "canibals" or "Mafia bosses" — though obviously they have their axes to grind and interests to protect. They state — quite rightly, I think — that wholesalers have a legitimate place in the chain of marketing between farmer and consumer. The farmer's job is to grow things, and not to be concerned with the intricacies of selling, bill collecting, and so forth.

On behalf of the wholesalers, Messrs. Stok and Feiner do not deny that there is such a concept as "rampists" in Israeli marketing terminology. However, their argument is that the heyday of the rampists is far behind us, that it was a phenomenon of several years back (just after the Six Day War) when agricultural products were in shorter supply and did not meet the market demands. In today's situation of agricultural abundance, they argue, there is virtually no work



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

for rampists, and if a few appear now and then, their influence is marginal.

The wholesalers contend that buying at the Tel Aviv wholesale market is open to everyone, on a basis of supply-and-demand alone. They even invite individual consumers to come and buy crates or sacks of produce at wholesale prices, but suggest they come at non-rush hours (8 a.m. to 12 noon). The entrance is at Carlebach Street.

THE MINISTRY of Agriculture holds much the same attitude as the wholesalers on the concept of "rampists." At a recent press briefing, Ministry Director-General Reuven Eiland estimated that no more than one per cent of produce passes through "rampists" — or less than 150 crates out of the 100,000 which are sold in Tel Aviv daily.

Furthermore, the Ministry describes "rampists" not so much as "produce scalpers," but as "secondary buyers" who fulfil a certain understandable, if questionably legal, function in the market chain. Many small retailers, hoteliers, and so forth do not want to get up before dawn to go to market themselves, so they send buyers on their behalf — who buy from wholesalers and resell to retailers, obviously taking a nice commission for this service.

So far as I understand the law, this is not strictly legal — as wholesalers are supposed to sell to retailers only, and not to "other

wholesalers." This, obviously, is intended to prevent wholesalers from selling to one another, back and forth, and hence jacking up prices. Some people have suggested that perhaps these "secondary buyers" should be licensed, if there is a need for them, though I would hate to see yet another official stage added to the already-long marketing chain en route to the consumer.

Unfortunately, I am not in a position to judge whether "rampists" are really an active force in the wholesale markets, as Mr. Shahal says, or merely a "marginal influence," as the wholesalers and the agricultural authorities contend. The entire matter is currently before the Knesset Economic Affairs Committee, which is expected to rule on it before long. Mr. Shahal says he is certain his position will be supported by the Knesset Committee's findings. The rest of us must wait and see.

RAMPISTS are not the only problem which Mr. Shahal has brought before the Knesset Committee. He also charges that the sorting of fruits and vegetables is unreliable (that there are too many poor-grade or rotten pieces in the bottom of the crates), that too much is charged along the way for the handling of crates, that there are monopolies in the delivery-truck field, and other pressures along the route which raise the final prices to the consumer.

For their part, the Ministry of Agriculture and the official produce Marketing Boards charge that the real exploitation of the consumer comes at the final retail stage of the market line. The independent greengrocers, in particular, charge too much, the authorities say. In an effort to influence retail prices, the Ministry of Agriculture introduced a Price-Reduction Campaign to which the big supermarket chains and some 170 private greengrocers belong. Under the plan, agreed prices are fixed weekly for basic fruits and vegetables in season, and moderate subsidies are given to those participating in the Campaign, called in Hebrew "Mivtsat Rosola."

Until such time as the Knesset Economic Committee makes its decisions — which one hopes will eventually be implemented, I have a few practical suggestions for my fellow-consumers:

• Try to concentrate on those vegetables and fruits which are in season at any given time. This is common sense in any market situation. You don't have to put cucumbers in your salad in mid-winter — and personally I find it a shame that the farmers waste valuable fuel to heat hot-houses so that our pampered public can have cucumbers in wintertime.

Apples and pears come out of cold-storage nearly all year around, but most other produce has definite high and low seasons. You don't have to be an agricultural expert to know what's in season when. Just look at the price tags. As much as possible, patronize those shops which have joined the Reduction Campaign (Mivtsat Rosola). Obviously, you should expect good quality even at the lowered prices. Sometimes the hour of day you shop makes a difference. If your neighbourhood greengrocer does not belong to the scheme, try to persuade him to join — and warn you might take your business elsewhere.

• If you can make the effort, shop at least occasionally in an open-air market. Many consumers find the outdoor markets intimidating at first — because of the overwhelming variety of choices and the fear (usually groundless) of "being cheated." If you shop outdoors, hand-pick the produce yourself. Choose a little more than you estimate will weigh a kilo — that way the seller cannot toss in a few rotten pieces to round out the weight.

Incidentally, after all the talk about "protection money" allegedly paid by pedlars in the markets, I am fascinated that they can sell so cheaply! Perhaps, indeed, it is because they pay no income tax — or maybe they are more energetic or efficient than the neighbourhood greengrocers.

• If you object to carrying heavy bags of produce, invest in a shopping cart on wheels. Whether you go to market by car or bus, the cart will make it easier. Also, you will be less tempted to order from the corner greengrocer and ask him to deliver. You can also save the supermarket delivery fees.

Just a final note: Whether Mr. Shahal succeeds in proving all his points or not, the very fact that he has brought a number of important issues to the attention of the public and the Knesset has been a tremendous public service on his part. Even if things are only half as bad as he says, they are bad enough. Martha Meisels

Unfulfilled lives

THE PLAY opens with Croom, the heir, stepping off a plane. He is met by his mother whom he addresses in this fashion:

"I wasn't successful abroad, mother. I didn't make money and I didn't become happy. I didn't have a good time, I didn't get ahead. I didn't get married. I didn't become engaged and I didn't meet anybody. I didn't buy anything, I didn't bring anything. All I have in this suitcase is old linen and toilet things. That's it, I told you everything, and now I want you to leave me alone."

This opening speech of Hanoch Levin's new play, *Croom*, now at the Haifa Municipal Theatre, sets the theme. What happens in the next few hours is development and variations on the theme. It will be all familiar to those who have seen Levin's earlier plays: the meaningless lives, the extinguished hopes, life as a trap with death as the only escape. What makes this play different from its predecessors is the Chekhovian love the author lavishes on his unfortunate characters. Which is most surprising — or perhaps natural — since *Croom* comes hard on the heels of *Schizit* which was all negation, whose characters were on the subhuman level of creatures living for nothing else but filling their stomachs, and were treated by the author with all the hatred and contempt they deserved.

The characters in *Croom*, all sixteen of them, live tightly circumscribed lives in a poor, decaying neighbourhood of Tel Aviv.

Some have long given up, others still nourish some hopes. The saddest aspect of the situation is not that their hopes have gone to naught or are bound to, but the nature of those hopes. The people are spiritually so poverty-stricken, they live an inner world so shallow that they are capable of only the most banal of desires.

Croom dreams of beautiful women, of a life of luxury achieved by a brilliant career as a writer. Not that he has a desire to write — for all we know he had never even tried his hand at the trade; it is the glamour of it and the money which appeals to him. And at the age of forty he ought to know perfectly well that nothing will come of it.

Croom has for years been carrying on an on-again-off-again affair with Trude, an aging, unattractive neighbourhood girl, but refuses to marry her because she is not the answer to his dreams. He does find his dream embodied in a distant star, Tawitay, an empty-headed, pretty girl whose father is a wealthy contractor, who is always going off to some place glamorous, and is always seen in the company of an Italian whose hands constantly roam over her body.

One variation on the theme of *Croom* is Trude who wants to marry Croom but eventually settles for Taqhtich who had for years been substituting when Croom was not available; another one is Dupa, a homely girl who never had a date and out of desperation marries the equally



Hanoch Levin's "Croom," a labour of love by the Haifa Theatre. (Agor)

desperate Tugaty, the saddest character of them all. Tugaty is an old bachelor, a hypochondriac who ends up fatally ill. His approaching death is shown in a number of scenes which are tender and moving. He is taken in his wheelchair by his friend Croom to the seashore, to see the setting sun for the last time in his life. As he sits there, a bride and groom in their wedding clothes appear to pose for a photographer. Tugaty wants them to include him in one of the pictures, but the young couple refuse. Then, a few hours before his death, when the pretty young nurse gives him an injection which will make him sleep better, he asks her to stay, and speaks to the bewildered girl of the great romance she and he never had.

While dealing with universal problems of unfulfilled lives, of old age — there is Croom's mother

who takes care of her son but finds herself excluded from his life with no life of her own — of illness and death. *Croom* is well rooted in Israeli reality. The neighborhood is of the kind any inhabitant of a big city in Israel will recognize, the characters and situations are familiar. The play is soaked in that purely Israeli claustrophobia. Croom comes home from an unsuccessful trip abroad; Tawitay, the rich glamour girl, is always travelling; Dupa, who cannot even dream of going abroad, is at the end of the play going off — to Haifa, and a job as a cashier in a supermarket. And Levin, the satirist, does not spare here his usual target — the petty bourgeois with their vulgar customs. There is that middle-aged couple always on the way to or coming from a wedding where they were served a huge meal in return for the present they brought.

Levin brings into *Croom* no new ideas in addition to those we know from his former plays, but those ideas have here more flesh and blood, the characters are more realistic, they have their own lives in addition to being mere spokesmen for Levin's views on life. *Croom* also demonstrates Levin's increased command of the medium. The play is beautifully structured, the sixteen characters and their adventures — or lack of them — mesh simply and effortlessly, like instruments in a symphonic work, each playing his part and contributing to a harmonious whole. There is even one character in the play of whom we know nothing, who hardly ever opens his mouth; he is just there, and we would have missed him had he been left out.

The Haifa Theatre players are obviously performing a labour of love; one can seldom see such well-knit acting as that of the cast consisting of Fanny Lubitch (the mother), Shmuel Woolf (the man who doesn't talk but walks around showing his sad horse face), Ilan Toren (rather miscast as Croom but still doing well), Alex Munte (a most touching Tugaty), Ruth Segal (the overstuffed lady with the big appetite), Mordcahai Ben Zeev (her equally voracious husband), Hanna Roth (Trude), Ilan Dar (the man Trude marries), Rachel Dubson (the homely girl who reluctantly marries Tugaty), Maya Rotshiki (Tawitay, the glamour girl), Shmuel Calderon (the fiery Italian), Gloria Shamai (the doctor who doesn't believe in life, Dalia Cohen (the pretty bride, the pretty nurse), Makram Khouri (the bridegroom, the male nurse), Shlomo Bar Abba (the hospital barber, the photographer, the grave digger), Yosef Kaiman (second male nurse).

Ruth Dar designed a stunningly beautiful panorama of a decaying neighbourhood.

CAST IN ISRAEL

Meir Ronnen

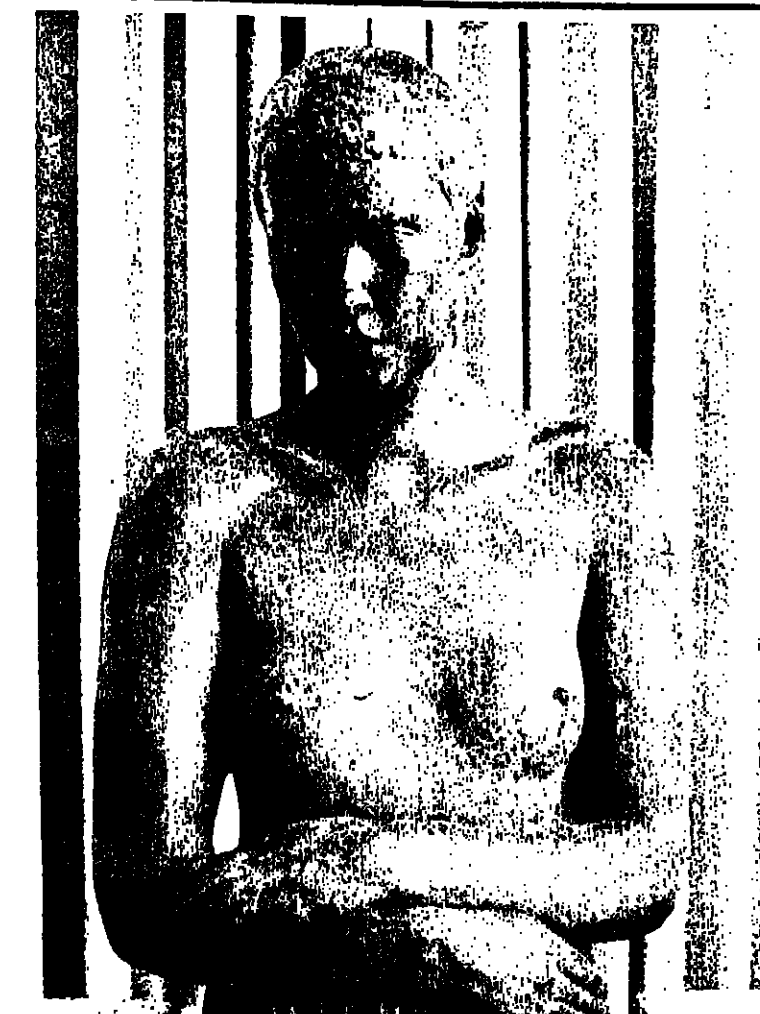
AN UNUSUAL and not uninteresting exhibition of sculpture is now on show at the Arta Gallery in Jerusalem (behind the Orgil Cinema), unusual because it is devoted entirely to Israeli bronze sculpture, much of it cast in Israel, at a recently established foundry in Kiryat Motzkin run by Dan Zaritzki, who studied this nearly lost profession in Florence. The show is also worth seeing because of the wide variety of works by both veteran and young Israelis, although there isn't really a single work which breaks any new sculptural ground. The sweep is from neo-classicism and impressionism to expressionism; and abstraction that belongs to the first half of this century. The dignified presence of the show as a whole is a tribute to both the presentation and the nature of the material.

The highlight of the show is a Rodin wash drawing (not for sale) but the "head" of the exhibit is a group of works by centenarian Yaacov Loushansky, dominated by his serenely beautiful head and torso of a young girl; this work is far superior to his others on show here. Veteran Batya Lishansky shows a number of impressionist works where anatomy and form are blurred in subordination to effective projection of an image; but her triangulated mother and child is remarkably close to Kathe Kollwitz. The late Palestinian-Belgian artist Joseph Constant is represented with some bird groups and a fine, typical, semi-formalised eagle. An outstanding veteran is Moshe Ziffer and of his four abstracts on show here, I was most impressed with the polished double ellipse (7). Another veteran is Natan Rapaport, creator of the famous towering figure of Mordecai Ansolievicz, hero of the Warsaw Ghetto, at Kibbutz Yad Mordecai; his sole work here is a remarkably monumental miniature of a striding, pleading figure with a tiny impressionist head.

The younger generation is somewhat less impressive. Dan Kafri has the lion's share with 15 works, many of them too reminiscent of Ruth Zarfat's cherubs and not as well formed; but his larger-than-life head of Ben Gurion is the finest portrait of our founding father ever made in any medium, a remarkably accurate anatomy full of the character of expression projected by the old man; I hope it finds a permanent place in one of our museums or institutions.

Dan Zaritzki himself weighs in with a number of superb examples of casting technique: heads, cabbage leaves, open books and whole vegetables combined in a sometimes playful ("Cabbage Head"), sometimes surreal manner ("Book", 68). Cleverly cast from life, the objects impress as individual parts rather than as a meaningful whole. However his marvellously erotic "Apple," with breasts at one end and a penis for a stalk, combines humour and allegory with natural organic form. A young craftsman of Zaritzki's capabilities is a tremendous national asset.

Neo-expressionism is represented with the lively figures of Dan Kulika, notably the fine "Plate" (18), with the splendid Hogarthian head; and the lower portion of his "Pantomimist"



Yaacov Loushansky: "Girl," bronze (Arta Gallery, Jerusalem).

(18); the rest are grotesque or trite abstractions.

Others represented in this large show are Harry Baron, Miriam Kiper, Carla Brat, Ariela Epstein, Shalom Werner, Haya Brenner.

KATHINKA VAN DER HEIDE, a Dutch painter-sculptress who came here in 1974 and settled in Elin Karem, put in five years at the Goolse Academy and lived for 15 years at Barleum, an artists' village outside Amsterdam. Her current show in the small mezzanine of the Jerusalem Artists House is a cruel place in which to hang both pictures and sculptures in a bewildering variety of styles and in a number of techniques: academic landscapes and formalised oils; painted ceramics and carved reliefs; mixed media; carvings, modellings and found objects.

Most of her work and combinations are too sweet for me, but her grasp of colour and technique in plein air landscape is most impressive. Some of the formalised zoomorphic abstractions are ambiguously designed to hang in more than one direction (one can be hung from any side) but the designs themselves do not relate well to the frame. The various sculptural styles are rather ordinary, with one pleasant exception: a beautifully built, partly found-metal image (of Rotterdam) that also reminded me of a dream-like Mississippian riverboat (till Jan. 28).

MONTARIER, the Swiss philosopher-artist who settled in the Capital nearly a decade ago, is having his third show at the Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, Jerusalem. His oils continue a search for a synthesis of abstract and figurative art and are made up of a difficult combination of gentle backgrounds, superimposed flat geometric shapes and ciphers of



Kathinka van der Heide: "Composition" (Jerusalem, Arta).

ECROSSWORD

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On the beach

Gil Goldfine

WHEN I WAS a child, one of my favorite rainy day art activities consisted of tracing with soft lead onto transparent paper the gestural photographic figures of agile sportsmen from the daily press.

Last week my rainy day memories came back in a flash, ignited by Ran Sheehor's recent paintings documenting activity on the Sheraton beach one day last summer. By using a camera in place of pad and pen, Sheehor assembled transparent coloured "sketches" which he subsequently projected directly onto canvas or gesso covered plywood. After slightly altering the photographic image and intentionally cropping for compositional effect, he meticulously traced the contours of forms and shapes, including the internal description of shadows, volumes and skeletal details.

From this basic cartoon Sheehor proceeded to fill in the delineated areas with colours appropriate to the scene and influenced by his photo slides.

The pictures that emerge are boldly painted, candid glimpses of "non people," statuesque forms placed in the sand to catch the sun and reflect the light. Sheehor's retina tends to reject them as over-pronounced and extremely unnatural. Sheehor hasn't artistically corrected the illusionary and chromatic tricks that sunlight plays on vision.

There are many coarsely painted passages with sloppy edges, casual rendering and strange colour, particularly noticeable in his handling of hair and facial features, placed as they are in front of unmodelled backdrops of sky or sea. If this is intentional as a necessary ploy to combine the impressionist philosophy of atmospheric filtration with the hard-edge Pop substructure he admires, Sheehor has come only half way. For although his paintings sustain initial interest, the impact quickly wanes as one comes to understand the tie-in between mechanical technique and artistic methodology. (Mabat Gallery, 22 Gordon, Tel. Aviv).

(Critics Sheehor's recent book "Art in Israel" (Sdan, Tel Aviv) is now distributed in the U.S. by Schocken.)

KEEPING FAITH / Gavriel Clitrony

Ancient sycamore

A TANGLED sycamore on Tel Aviv's King George Street was not without friends in high places and the woodsman's axe was stayed when the road was widened last month. Is the tree's well-being ensured? Some fear not: forces of progress will no doubt point out the ancient sycamore is blocking the smooth flow of traffic on a new four-lane roadway. Embattled public opinion might again have to step in to save it.

There is an old Arab saying that the sycamore is "strong as a eagle and smooth as hypocrisy" — a pretty good recipe for long life. The children of the old Trumpeldor and Hinaui neighbourhoods, who grew up along with Rehov Dizengoff, learned this saying from the *fellahi* and Beduin who used to pause at the tree to pluck its pinkish, figlike fruit on their way from Jaffa to Sheikh Muwannis and further on into the Shaqron. (There are those who say the sycamore bears fruit thrice a year, and others put it as high as seven.)

Now, these kids — who have meanwhile grown up into billygoats — don't remember sycamores of what was then

Rehov Hacarmel just for their fruit. It would be no exaggeration to call those trees "Little Tel Aviv's" first line of northern defence. Especially our tangled sycamore, which even then stood like a sentry at the crossroads.

AT THE BEGINNING of the 'twenties the sycamores stood in a dense thicket of cactus. The first to settle in their midst were a Blau-Weiss group who came from Germany and Austria in 1922 and set up an urban kibbutz in two long shanties facing the sycamore. The group, who signalled the start of *aliya* from Germany after the Balfour Declaration, called the line of sycamores "Unter den Linden." Old-timers recall that they turned the sycamore into a lookout post in times of danger (and what times weren't?) and used its crown as a "silok" — an arms cache. An original idea, seeing that under ground was the accepted place for hiding weapons.

During the 1929 anti-Jewish Arab riots, many of the Blau-Weiss group drifted away, and the sycamore became the forward post for Tel Aviv's northwest for-

tress, the Tel Nordau elementary school.

Writer Haim Guri, whose parents' shanty stood not far from the sycamore, recalls his debt to it and its sisters more than once in his stories. A sycamore shoot may be a byword for a thing of no value, but in Tel Aviv, as in history, the tree has had its symbolic uses, as we shall now see.

At the beginning of the 'twenties the sycamores stood in a cabi sports ground (now Meir Dizengoff Park) was replaced by the Women Workers' Farm (today Beit Wiko), whose members were among the builders of the road the sycamores split. Ada Fishman (Maimon) planted the settlement's first flower garden, and in doing so, announced: "Ladies, I know that work around breaking day breaking stones on the road. But the Hebrew woman worker will stand as strong as those sycamores, and we shall not leave." Which, if you will, was a face of that bout of mass unemployment known as the "crisis of the Fourth Aliya."

IN A SHACK near the farm, Tel Aviv's first school for working youth was opened; and at the opening Alexander Ziskind, Rabinowitz' spiritual grandfather of the various workers parties that were to merge to form Mapai — proclaimed: "Our school will raise sycamores, the tree of the lowland. And we shall sprout sturdily as these sycamores, which shall be our witness." Not long after this the

caravanserai, which then bordered the grove opposite the women's farm, was transferred by Tel Aviv's first workers' mayor (A. Bloch-Blumenfeld, who had managed to defeat Dizengoff in the elections) to Betar, the youth group of the recently formed Revisionist movement. This caravanserai (today the site of Herut's Metzudat Ze'ev skyscraper), with its stout walls and pool for the thirsty traveller, was as well known on the Jaffa-Sharon road as was Bab el-Wad (Sha'ar Hagal) on the road to Jerusalem. On the last visit to Israel of the Revisionists' founder, Ze'ev Jabotinsky (in 1928 the British Mandatory authorities barred his return), its name was changed to Metzudat Ze'ev.

On that occasion Jabotinsky spoke a bit further down, in Rehov Allenby's Kikar Magen David (which had been cleared of its precursor of today's Carmel Market to make way for his cheering supporters, and booping opponents). After saluting "Blue-White Tel Aviv" Jabotinsky moved north to the caravanserai, which was soon filled with a crowd of a clambered up into the sycamores to hear him, he gave the first reading of his "The Jordan has Revisionists' opposition to from the rest of the Jewish homeland. When there were murders that the sycamore bought his hearers, Jabotinsky called out to the ushers: "Don't worry. These sycamores have supported

two thousand years of history; they're not going to collapse now."

Tel Aviv continued to grow and few of its sycamores survived it. Among those that fell to builders were sycamores on Allenby and Yehuda Halevi — despite Yehuda Karni's efforts in the pages of "Ha'aretz" to save them. Most of what does survive, in fact, we owe to a certain state occasion in 1935.

In May of that year the British Empire celebrated the 25th anniversary of the ascension of its king, George V. On this occasion the Tel Aviv Municipality changed the name of that stretch of Hacarmel above Rehov Allenby to "Hamelech George." At the naming ceremony, held alongside the surviving row of sycamores, Mayor Dizengoff (he had managed meanwhile to return to office) told District Commissioner Crosby and other worthies: "In great admiration do we name this street for the King in whose time made; and it shall bear that name for ever, just as these sycamores have lent it their splendour since the beginning, and shall unto eternity." Municipal Secretary Yehuda Nedivi, who knew English well, managed to translate Dizengoff's oratory in such a way that the sycamores themselves glowed with pleasure.

We've kept our promise to Britian despite the fateful changes that have taken place since that day and we've kept fair with George for the sake of the Declaration. Let us keep faith with the sycamores too, and with the tangled one in particular.

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